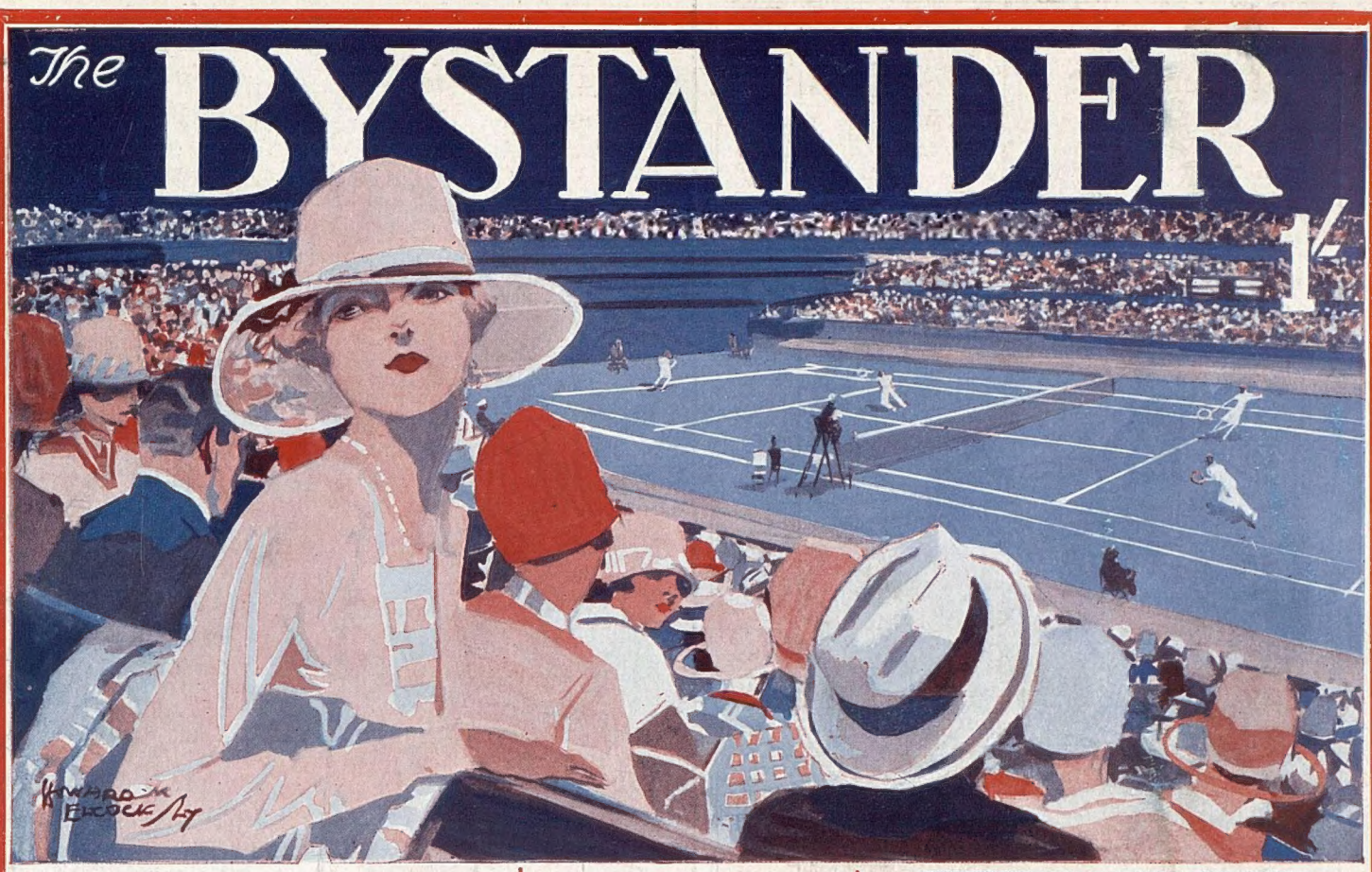
THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1281

JULY 4, 1928

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WIMBLEDON: SPECIAL ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATONS



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The Bystander, July 4, 1928

The BYSTANDER

No. 1281. Vol. XCIX

NEW SERIES

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 2—EDWARD HIGGS

Although Great Britain has not the satisfaction of numbering any of her players among those "seeded" in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon, she has many who are not far off the top rung of the ladder of lawn tennis fame. Prominent among these is Edward Higgs, who has represented this country in many international events, and won the Covered Courts Championship at Queen's last year. Possessed of a really formidable service, he is also very strong on the base-line, his ground shots being much superior to his volleying

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Sport and General

HIS MAJESTY THE KING (left), THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA, LORD BIRKENHEAD, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR, LORD READING, AND LADY BIRKENHEAD

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Great Sportsman

Good my people, here's a little point for your consideration. In this our age of mechanical transport, with petrol and carburetters the overlords of all our highways, love of the horse is still paramount in the British bosom. It's no good your telling me I'm wrong, because Lord Lonsdale's golden wedding proves I'm right. We know Lord Lonsdale is an all-round sportsman, but his chief interest has always been in horses, and it was therefore especially appropriate that the golden casket which was subscribed for by British sportsmen should be presented to him at the Horse Show at Olympia. A lifelong interest in motor cars would never bring such a response as the large sum of money subscribed in recognition of all Lord Lonsdale has done for sport.

The Prince of Wales made the presentation with one of his happiest little speeches, and as they left the dais which had been brought into the arena Lord Lonsdale turned and kissed his wife, a charming gesture, and just the proper ending to the ceremony.

British Illus.

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE FATEH-SINGH OF LAMBDI AND MRS. COGLITT

Sport and General

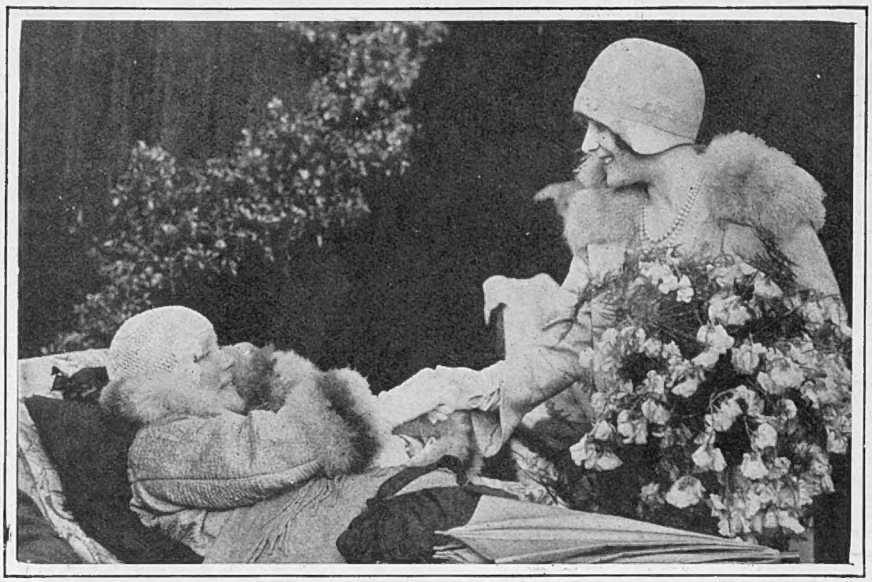
KUNWARI GURBACHAN SINGH AND MISS RAY

British Illus.

THE NAWAB OF PALANPUR AND THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR

AN EMPIRE OCCASION AT RANELAGH

Some of those who attended the fourth annual Indian Empire Garden Party, which was recently held at Ranelagh. A polo match was played between India and the Royal Artillery, the Gunners winning by 13 goals to 5



Central Press

A ROYAL VISITOR

The Duchess of York greeting Mrs. Shaw. The photograph was taken during her recent visit to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables at Streatham

IN HAMPSHIRE *Photopress*

The Prince of Wales with members of the Governing Board at Portsmouth Grammar School, inspected the Cadet Corps. He also inspected the Royal Scottish Fusiliers during his visit to the famous naval station

Central Press

AT OXFORD

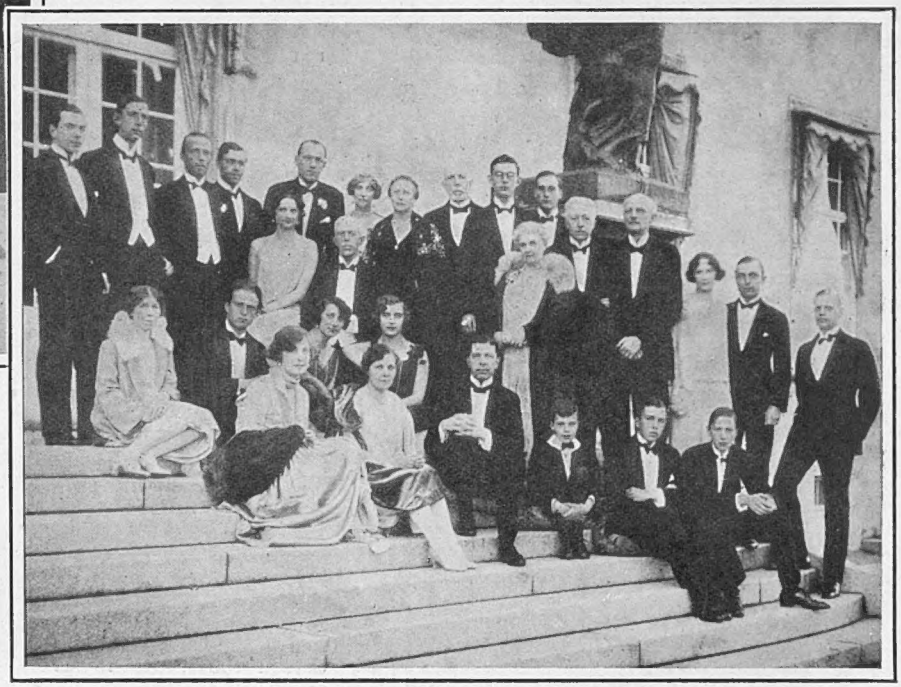
The Duke of York walking with Dr. F. W. Pember, Warden of All Souls' College, to the Sheldonian Theatre. He visited the University to receive the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law

This is the first time, I believe, a subject has ever been honoured by the presence of the Sovereigns at his golden wedding celebrations, and, incidentally, it was the first time the King and Queen had seen a cabaret entertainment. It was arranged by Mr. George Grossmith, who

The considerable sum of money left over, Lord Lonsdale said, is to go to a convalescent home for "those sportsmen who have fallen by the way."

A Signal Honour

IT is difficult to believe Lord Lonsdale is seventy-one. His secret perhaps lies in the fact that he keeps abreast of the times, so much so that a cabaret entertainment followed the golden wedding dinner in Carlton House Terrace, at which the King and Queen, and Princess Louise of Argyll were present, Princess Mary arriving for the entertainment after dinner.



Central News

A KING'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Members of the Swedish Royal Family who assembled at Waldemarsudde, the summer home of Prince Eugene, to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the King of Sweden. The photograph shows, standing in back row: Prince Sigvard, second son of the Crown Prince (left), Prince Wilhelm, youngest son of the King, Count Folke Bernadotte, younger son of Prince Oscar Bernadotte, Prince Gustaf-Adolf, eldest son of the Crown Prince, Prince Axel of Denmark, Princess Ingeborg, wife of Prince Carl, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, mother of the Crown Princess, Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the King's eldest brother, Prince Lennart, Prince Berthold of Baden, Prince Eugene, the King's third brother, Prince Carl, the King's second brother, Princess Margaretha, Prince Carl Bernadotte, elder son of Prince Oscar Bernadotte, and Friherr Carl Marten Fleetwood, husband of Countess Sophia Bernadotte. Second row: Princess Astrid, the King of Sweden, and Princess Ebba Bernadotte. Seated at back: Countess Maria Bernadotte, the Duke of Brabant, Princess Martha, second daughter of Prince Oscar Bernadotte, and Princess Ingrid. Seated in front: Countess Marianne Bernadotte, Friherrin Sophia Fleetwood, eldest daughter of Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Carl-Johan, youngest son of the Crown Prince, Prince Bertil, third son of the Crown Prince, and Prince Carl, son of Prince Carl

is an old friend of Lord Lonsdale.

Two Creations

THERE have been two Earldoms of Lonsdale. The Earl of the first creation was also created Viscount Lowther, with the remainder of that title to his cousin, who became the second Viscount. Ten years afterwards he, too, was created Earl of Lonsdale, and it is from

Barratt

A MILITARY WEDDING

Capt. Hugh Parsons, of the Second Ghurkas, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Nora Whitewick. The wedding took place at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington

him that the present Lord Lonsdale descends.

Lord Lonsdale succeeded his brother, as fifth earl, forty-six years ago. The fourth earl had only a daughter, Lady Juliet Duff, by his marriage to the lovely Lady Gladys Herbert, who after his death married Earl de Grey, and as Lady de Grey, and afterwards Marchioness of Ripon, did so much to establish the Opera Season at Covent Garden as we have it now.

Lord Lonsdale's heir is his brother, the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, who is ten years his junior.

Abergeldie

SHORTLY after Queen Victoria built Balmoral she became the tenant of the adjacent Abergeldie Castle and estate. King Edward and King George have continued that tenancy, but now the King is giving up a considerable portion of the estate. He will retain, however, the Castle, the forests, and the fishing on the Dee, together with the famous cattle farm, at Abergeldie Mains, with its herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle.

Lafayette

AFTER THE CEREMONY

A group taken after the wedding between Mr. Reginald Prescott and Miss Rosamund Hill at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Mrs. Prescott is the younger daughter of Sir Claude Hamilton Archer Hill, Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man

During Queen Victoria's lifetime Abergeldie Castle was the residence of King Edward as Prince of Wales during his visits to Balmoral, and for many years it was lent to the Empress Eugénie. Last year and the year before the King lent the house to Lord and Lady Shaftesbury.

AT BRIDES-LES-BAINS

Sir Austen Chamberlain photographed on his arrival at Brides-les-Bains. This well-known spa and holiday resort in Savoie is attracting a large number of English visitors

Alfieri

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. John D. Barlow, the elder son of Sir John and the Hon. Lady Barlow, of Cheshire, photographed with his bride, formerly the Hon. Diana Kemp, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Rochdale. The marriage took place at Holy Trinity, Kensington

Ichabod

THERE'S no manner of doubt about it. The old glories of Ascot Sunday at Boulter's Lock have departed. This year there was a bigger crowd than ever on both sides of the lock, and all along the bank of the river. In fact, the people were standing a dozen and more deep on the lock-side. But they were of an entirely different type from the gay and smart folk who used to go there in their Ascot dresses to see and be seen. Rows upon rows of chars-a-bancs explained the difference.

One reason for the change, I think, is that so many people who formerly

Photographs

MR. H. D. GUMBLEY (JOHANNESBURG), LEFT, AND MR. G. H. GRIFFITHS (CAIRO)

LT.-COL. E. B. HAWKINS (GYMKHANA CLUB, ZOMBA), LEFT, MAJOR G. H. ANDERSON (KENYA) AND MR. J. C. HOWARD (NIGERIA)

EMPIRE GOLF AT SUNNINGDALE

Some of the players in the Lucifer Club's tournament for the Empire Trophy at Sunningdale. Players from all parts of the Empire took part and the Trophy finally went to Mr. H. McMaster, of Durban Country Club, who put in a score of 159

Sport and General

MR. J. A. BYERS (S. AFRICA) AND MR. D. G. BRUCE (ROYAL HONG KONG)

took houses at Ascot or the neighbourhood motor down every day, consequently, "Ascot Sunday" on the river is no longer the natural finish to the week as it used to be, and a parade of fashions. Another reason—likewise associated with petrol—is the increasing number of motor launches of all sorts and sizes. It is odd, but people who use motor launches do not wear the gaily-coloured garments of those who punt and row, so even Boulter's when crammed with craft has a sombre air in comparison with the rainbow effects of former days.

Some of the motor launches are the size of small yachts, notably that of Sir Dhunjibhoy Bomanji, with its mahogany cabin and rakish lines. It took over two hours to get into Boulter's on the afternoon of Ascot Sunday, which was enough to damp the ardour of the very keenest of river enthusiasts. Lord Desborough, for example, who was punting himself, finally gave it up in despair and turned back in the direction of Taplow.

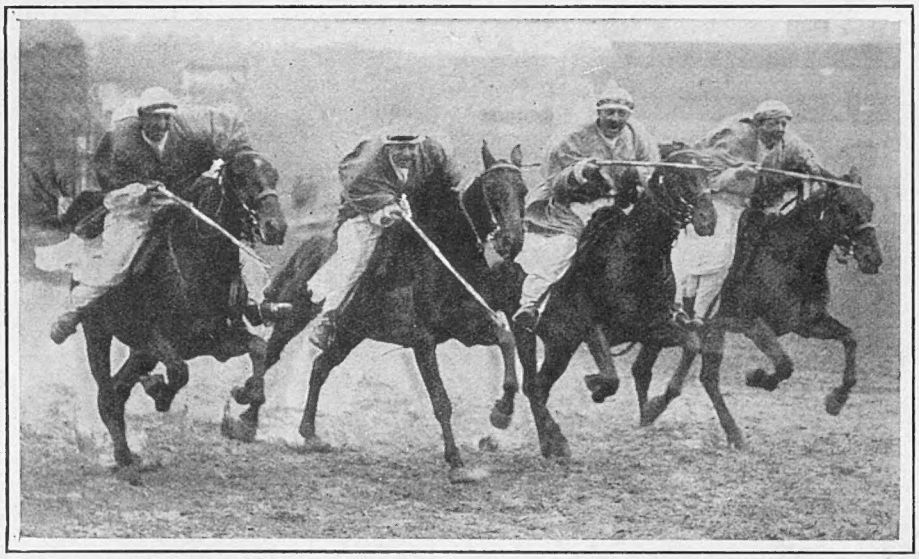
Peripatetic Dinners

WHAT a lot of trouble some of our young people take in amusing themselves! The very latest form of entertainment is to dine in five or six houses—that is according to the number of courses, one course being served in each house.

These young industrious seekers after sensation assemble at a house, say, in Belgravia, for cocktails. Then they go to Kensington for soup, to Chelsea for fish, Mayfair for the entrée, and so on, according to the dwellings of the hostesses who provide the single course. To add variety to this perambulating meal they draw tickets for partners in each house, so that their company at table may be changed as frequently as the surroundings of their dinner. Of course, motors play an all-important part in going from one house to the other.

On one point I am not clear. I do not know whether the hostesses of the earlier courses fall in, as it were, and go on with the party to get the rest of their dinner, or do they sit on in solitary state and complete their meal in their own homes?

But if I were absolutely forced to do one or the other I should certainly choose the peripatetic dinner party rather than a pyjama party. You are invited to "come in pyjamas," which means, I suppose, you must undress and don those garments of the night at home. Our climate, even at its best, is not entirely adapted to driving through the streets in one's pyjamas to a party. What next, I wonder?



Central News

THE DESERT SONG!

The satisfaction that the British soldier finds in "dressing up" is well illustrated in this photograph of men of the 17th/21st Lancers as Arabs in full cry. They are providing one of the turns at the Aldershot Command Horse Show, which is being held in Rushmoor Arena

The Obliger

RECENTLY, one of those domestic crises which descend upon us all from time to time overtook an acquaintance of your Bystander. An especially capable and useful maid had to go at a moment's notice to a sick mother. A temporary maid was engaged. Her abilities turned out to be in no way

Photo Illus.

WHITE HOPES AT RANELAGH

White Knight and Snowstorm pose for the camera with Miss Goad. They were among the entrants in the Pekingese Championship Dog Show at Ranelagh

comparable with her own version of them.

After several days of what is called "bearing up," the mistress, after a particularly flagrant exhibition of ignorance which damaged a piece of valuable furniture, burst out:

"But you are not a trained servant!"

"Servant! Servant, indeed!" cried the Temporary One. "I'd have you know, Madam, I'm no servant! I wouldn't demean meself to that. I obliges when people can't get *servants*!"

Miss McKie's Pictures

I TOLD you the other day about Miss Helen McKie's exhibition of her pictures at Walker's Gallery. It attracted a large number of visitors, amongst whom was the Queen. Her Majesty purchased a delightful picture of two Highlanders which appeared some time ago in THE BYSTANDER.

A Question of Title

RECENTLY a peerage was conferred. Snips from peppered scissors or the bites of infuriated adders would not drag the name of the recipient from me. But this I can tell you.

A question arose in the new - about - to - be - peerage home as to the title. The husband wanted to follow the naval and military fashion and use his surname. The wife strongly objected, as he had been a knight for some time, and now she was to be a peeress she wanted a name that would show all the world she was no longer a knight's lady. But what name? There was the question.

After much discussion a list of names was written on a piece of paper. Husband and wife sat solemnly in his study whilst his secretary, opening the door, announced "Lord and Lady ——," making a separate entry and announcement for each name on the list. The plan proved most successful, for both husband and wife liked the "sound" of one title better than all the others, and plumped for that.

Central Press

A CHAMPION SHOT

Lance-Sergeant B. Poulton, of the 3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards, who has recently become the Champion Shot of the British Army at Home. He also won the Watkin Cup and the A.R.A. Gold Jewel. He is seen here at Bisley after making the winning shot

Chinese Paintings

IF you want to see what the Chinese could do in the way of painting a thousand years ago you should go to see Sir James Stewart Lockhart's collection at the Betty Joel Galleries in Knightsbridge. Sir James was for many years in China, first as Superintendent of the Opium Revenue, and later as representative of Great Britain to delimit the boundary of the extension of the Colony of Hong Kong. For this service he received the thanks of the Government. He had, therefore, unusual opportunities for making his collection, which is unique.

Photo Illus

MISS MOLLY GOURLAY

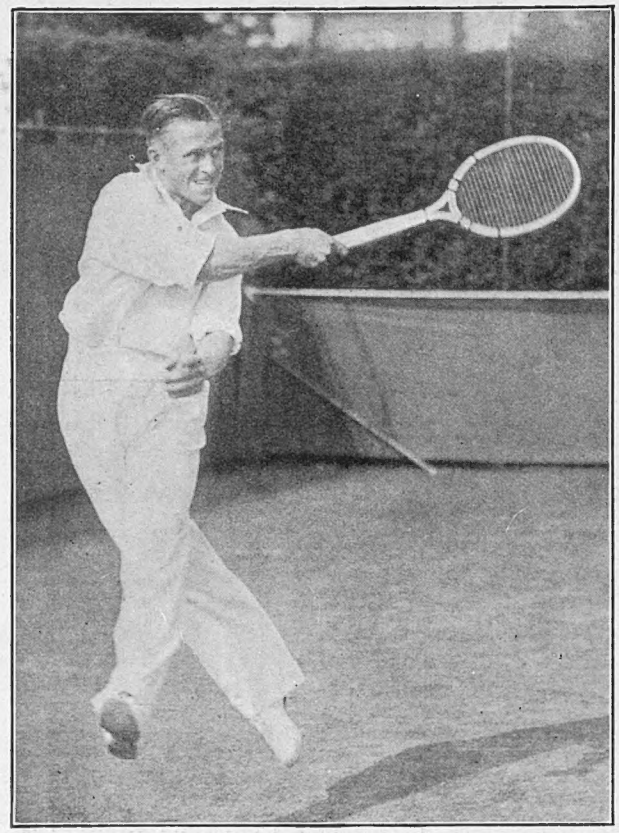
Who won the French Ladies' Open Golf Championship, at Chantilly, for the second time, her previous win being in 1923. She beat Mrs. Percy Garon in the final by four holes up and two to play

Photopress

A WAR OFFICE MEETING

Some of the onlookers at the War Office Athletic meeting at Chelsea. The photograph shows Lt.-Gen. Sir Webb Gillman (left), Miss Creedy, Major-Gen. J. R. E. Charles, Lady Anderson, Lady Braithwaite, Sir Herbert Creedy, Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Hastings Anderson, General Sir Walter Braithwaite, and Lady Creedy

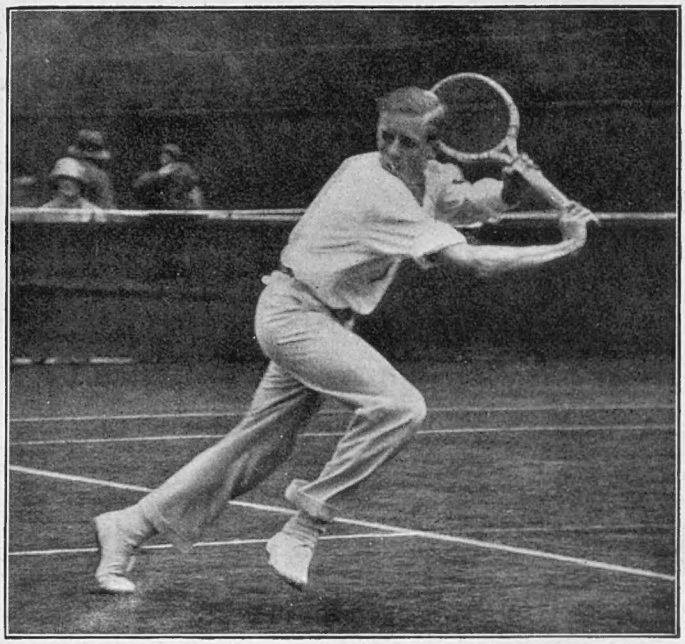
WIMBLEDON:



Central News

A GREAT MATCH

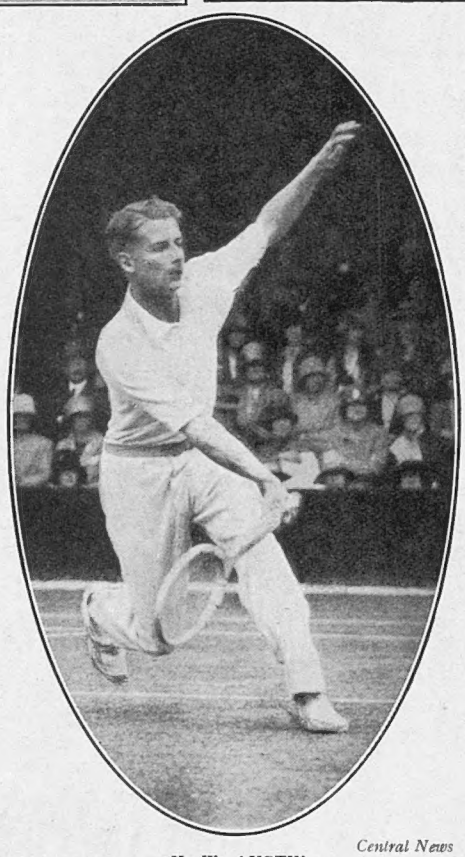
W. F. Coen, the young American player who had a strenuous match with H W. Austin in the third round. Austin won by 6—4, 3—6, 6—4 3—6, 6—1



Sport and General

FROM THE U.S.A.

S. B. Wood (U.S.A.) photographed making a powerful backhand drive. He was beaten in the third round by P. Landry (France) who won by 4—6, 6—1, 6—1, 8—6



Central News

H. W AUSTIN

The winner of a magnificent match with W. F. Coen (U.S.A.). Austin is the young Cambridge captain and is one of England's most promising players

IT is a somewhat startling, but nevertheless perfectly true, reflection that, out of the 128 men admitted to the Singles Championship at Wimbledon, the number of those who possess any chance at all of winning does not exceed a round dozen. Moreover, now that the practice is adopted of "seeding" the draw by merit, or, in other words, of assigning definite places in the draw to the eight leading players engaged, who are placed in an order of merit by the selection committee, we can be certain of locating half of the said dozen with tolerable certainty. If the selection committee are not always absolutely right they do not go very far wrong. Parenthetically it is the same with the other events. Eight players are "seeded" in the women's singles, and four pairs in each of the doubles. Consequently, if you like, as some do, to concentrate on the matches which have a more or less direct bearing on the ultimate issue, you can do so. But it is not the best way to enjoy Wimbledon. Keep your eye on the favourites by all means, but don't neglect the really good players who are fated to become "also-rans" eventually, because nowhere in the world has the class ever been "hotter" than it is at this present Wimbledon.

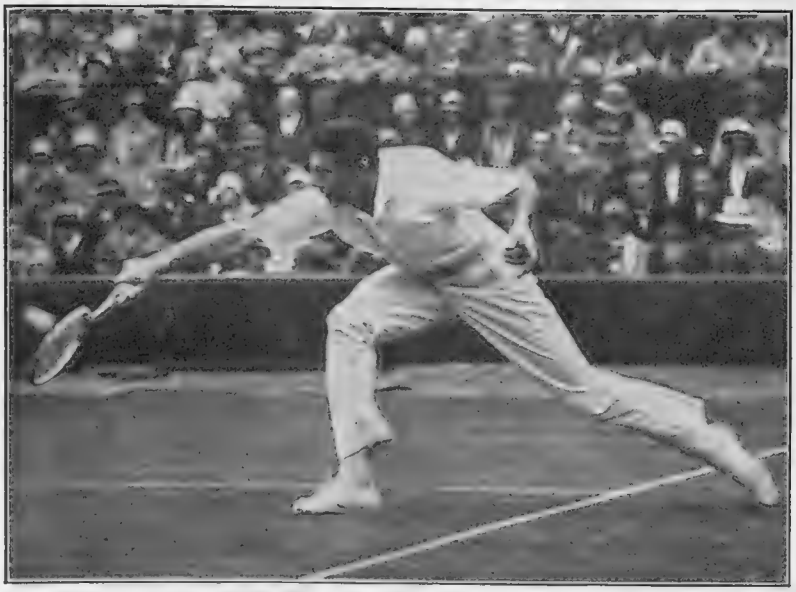
I hope, for instance, that you did not fail to go and watch the play, either in singles or doubles, of the two *enfants terribles* of America, Sidney Wood and W. F. Coen, the latter a mere babe of 16.

Both of these young players have the limitations of their years, but both are champions in embryo. And there are some others, who are sprinkled up and down the programme, whose deeds have been, and perhaps still are, worth following, even if they do not actually count as potential survivors to the grim stage when "the battle of the strong" really begins in each of the five championship events.

To revert, after this digression, to those who are ear-marked as "probables," we find that one of the selected eight in the men's singles was eliminated on the first day. This was the American, Frank Hunter, whose conqueror, E. D. Andrews, the New Zealand champion, is also a Cambridge Blue, and a player of "great expectations"—which have yet to be fulfilled. For he has his limitations, and they were exposed in the very next round by the young Frenchman, C. Boussus. This result has made it clear that France's "big four"—Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra, and Brugnon—have now a fifth man nearly as big, in Boussus, to back them

Some Half-time Reflections

By H. S. SCRIVENER



Sport and General

BOROTRA IN PLAY

The young Frenchman, who is an extremely popular figure at Wimbledon, reached the fourth round after a close match with P. D. B. Spence. He won his third round match with the South African player 7—5, 7—5, 6—3

Sport and General

A FIGHTING MATCH

E. D. Andrews who created a sensation in the first round by beating F. T. Hunter, the American star, 6—4, 5—7, 6—4, 2—6, 7—5. In the second round, however, he succumbed to C. Boussus 6—4, 6—1, 6—1

up. France has therefore the finest "team" in the competition. Tilden, with possible help from John Hennessey, who comes prominently into the American limelight now that Hunter is out, has to carry the fortunes of America almost alone upon his own broad shoulders. Assuming that things happen—or have happened, since of necessity I am writing several days in advance of the date of publication—according to the book he has to beat Borotra and Lacoste in order to reach the final, where, again according to the book, he should encounter the reigning champion, Cochet, who beat him last year in one of Wimbledon's many "thrillers." An astute bookmaker would probably lay a shade of odds on France for the whole thing; but would at the same time ask for odds against any individual member of the French team—for the simple reason that Tilden is fully capable of beating any one of them.

From an individual point of view it is hard luck that three of the four best players in the world, Lacoste, Borotra and Tilden, should be in the same half of the draw—this is where the "seed" has not been quite as well and truly sown as it should have been—but it adds to the cumulative strength of France against the foeman, Tilden, whom she has most reason to fear. Against him it will be a case of "one down, t'other come on," and he will need all his physical resources in order to outlive this war of attrition.

The problem of the women's singles is by comparison quite a simple one. Nothing but an accident can rob Miss Wills of her championship. We can all remember the wonderful yet unavailing fight which Señorita de Alvarez put up against her last year, and possibly we may witness a recurrence of that historic duel. But the Señorita's path to the final seems to be an even more difficult one than it was then made by Mrs. Watson and Miss Ryan.

A NEAR THING *L.N.A.*

Mrs. Covell and Señorita de Alvarez at the conclusion of their match. The final score was a win for Señorita de Alvarez by 4—6, 6—3, 7—5, but at one time she was within a couple of points of losing the match

Further pictures of the Championships appear on pages 46 and 47

BY "THE TOUT"

HARD HITTERS FROM HURLINGHAM

Mr. Roddie Wanamaker, another of the tip-top players from U.S.A., is No. 1 for the strong Templeton team that beat the Cavaliers in the first tie for the Championship Cup, in which Mr. H. P. Guinness played a good game for the losers. Capt. C. T. I. Roark is one of the best players England possesses to-day and the mainstay of Mr. Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes team

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Felstead and the St. Leger

HE is engaged in a mile and a half race at Goodwood, but I am given to understand that he will not be seen out again until the Hurst Park Meeting about a fortnight before the St. Leger. All being well, he will then run for the Richemount Stakes, a mile and a quarter race in which he can have a good gallop as an incident in his Doncaster preparation. Both the first and the second in the Derby are likely to have a most formidable rival on the Town Moor in the shape of Cyclonic, whose victory at Ascot was impressive. It showed that Major Courtauld's colt is progressing in the right way, and is undoubtedly well endowed with staying powers. Altogether there seems to be little reason to fear that the last of the season's classic races will fall below its usual interest.

The Irish Derby

CONGRATULATIONS to Sir Charles Hyde and Norman Scobie on their success in the Irish Derby last week. This is the fourth or fifth season in which Sir Charles has been associated with the ownership of racehorses, and though the success he has hitherto gained with his gees has scarcely been commensurate with the money he has laid out on them, I have never known him to complain. He has taken the rough side of ownership with equanimity, so it is all the more pleasant to find things coming his way. Norman Scobie is the son of the leading trainer in Australia, and inherits his father's aptitude with thoroughbred horses. The happiest bargain he has made here so far was when he purchased Baytown on Sir Charles Hyde's behalf in Ireland last summer. He has always had a great belief in this colt, whose successes in the Irish Two Thousand, the Bendigo Stakes, and the Irish Derby have thoroughly vindicated the judgment of his trainer. One of these days I hope to see the Whitsbury stable with a good representative in the Epsom Derby.

Grand Prix Failure

IT was disappointing to find Flamingo giving such a moderate account of himself in the Grand Prix. His failure shows that it needs a horse of exceptional character to be sent from England to win that race. One objectionable preliminary to the Grand Prix is the long parade between masses of spectators to which the horses are subjected before the race. This is quite sufficient to upset a highly-strung thoroughbred. Although Flamingo did not betray any signs of disturbance before he went out on to the course, he was certainly on his worst behaviour in front of the tapes. In all probability he beat himself before the start was actually effected. That there was something wrong with the form is shown by the fact that Bubbles, who finished many lengths behind Flamingo in the Epsom Derby, was just as far in front of him at Longchamp.

Flamingo's Future

IT now remains to be seen whether Flamingo will be able to restore his reputation at home. After his recent exertions I imagine the colt will be given a comparatively quiet time before Jack Jarvis seriously starts on his preparation for the St. Leger. Although he is engaged in the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket on Thursday, I question the wisdom of running him there so soon after his doleful French experience. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen is probably congratulating himself now on the decision he took immediately after the Derby not to send Felstead to compete for the Grand Prix. I am sure his owner and trainer are doing the right thing in giving Felstead plenty of time in which to recuperate after his effort at Epsom.

Dobson's Triumph

AT Gosforth Park last week the success of Primrose League in the Northumberland Plate was a popular event, and this is spite of the fact that the gelding was by no means one of the favourites, starting at odds of 100 to 7. He possesses a local owner, while his trainer, Dobson Peacock, is easily the best-liked man in the racing community of the North of England.

Behind the Ditch

THIS week we are at Newmarket once more for the first of the two delightful meetings behind the Ditch. Here you can enjoy racing under conditions of great charm. It is always agreeable to look over the horses before each race as they parade under the tall trees in the Plantation. In the morning and evening one has the sale-ring to attend. Among the yearlings to be sold this week are those bred at the National Stud, all of which are coming under the hammer. Among the chief events on Wednesday will be the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, in which Fohanaun will take some beating in spite of his big weight, but my choice is **Knight of the Grail,** who showed at Ascot that he has now returned to his best form. On the following afternoon we have the Princess of Wales's Stakes, for which a number of good class horses are engaged. In the probable absence of Flamingo and Fairway I shall take **Potocki** as a likely winner. Mr. Joel's colt showed himself to be a genuine stayer in his races at Ascot. At the end of the week comes Alexandra Park with its experiment of beginning racing an hour later than usual. **Regalo** is my selection for the London Cup.

With the Oldest Regiment

BY M. MACMICHAEL

The scene during the march past of the Battalion when the Prince of Wales, with whom is seen the Earl of Denbigh, Colonel Commandant of the Regiment, presented new colours to the Honourable Artillery Company on the Artillery Ground in the City last week. At this impressive ceremony both batteries of Artillery and the Infantry Battalion were on parade, as well as the Veteran Company and other regimental units. At the close of the parade the Prince was admitted a Member of the Company, which traces its descent back to 1537 and bears on its roll the names of nearly all the sovereigns and heirs to the Throne since that date

A SCENE FROM THE PLAY

OXFORD NOTES

I HOPE the strain of Commem Week did not prove to be too much for you, my dear Bystanders. Coming on top of your May Week at Cambridge it may well have made you look like an Oliver Messel mask in *This Year of Grace*. But the more Messely you look the more of a compliment you pay to your host of the evening. You probably came up to Oxford on the Sunday. It may have taken you two hours and a half by car. It may have taken you an hour and three-quarters. On Sunday evening I am afraid there was nothing for you to do. No cinema dares show its face. And there were so many week-enders with us that you probably had great difficulty in getting a table at the George.

Monday, of course, was the day of the House Ball. You remember the magic lanterns hung round the cloisters. And the tiny lights planted all over Tom Quad. And the festoons of candles over that pond which you have learned to call Mercury. And I'm sure you never heard Ambrose's Band play more smoothly. Nor do you usually eat supper and breakfast in the same College Hall, and have such a chance of comparing the merits of champagne and beer as administered at one and the other of these meals. On Tuesday I expect you gave the Oriel Ball a trial. It left the court without a stain on its character, as also did the Balliol Ball of the following night. I'm sure you gave much anxious thought to your fancy dress for the O.U.D.S. ceremony on the last night of the season. For the standard of the dresses is usually very high, and, after all, Sophie Tucker was expected to arrive and sing at 3 a.m., and everybody wants to make a hit with Sophie. For my! how a fat gurll can love!

Our cricketers are at present making a hit with Essex. Adam Crawley's own hit is particularly definite. Hill-Wood's was not far behind, and helped us to lead at the end of the first innings. There has been no tennis since our skirmish with I. G. Collins's team. But we have done a bit of swimming, and done it better than the Stock Exchange. In fact, at this stage of the term we have done a bit of most things. And most of them have had their compensations. However badly they may have gone, there was always the sympathetic Bystander to tell all about it. And you have all made the most sympathetic listeners. However, they say that all good things must have an end. And, as my article must now draw to an end, I hope by this means to convince you that it is good. So don't all speak at once.

JINGO

Photographs *Central Press*

HELEN SENDS HERMOINE TO POUR LIBATIONS ON CLYTAEMNESTRA'S TOMB

The Balliol Players, a party of Oxford undergraduates, are touring the West Country in the "Orestes of Euripides." Among other places included in the tour are Malvern College, the Bishop's Garden at Wells, the ruins of Corfe Castle and Old Sarum

A New Train

Ostend and other resorts on the Belgian coast are now brought into direct communication with Paris by the Paris-Côte Belge-Pullman Express, which started running on July 1. Composed entirely of first- and second-class Pullman cars, the train leaves Paris at 10.50 a.m. daily, arriving at Ostend at 3.25 p.m., runs on to Blankenberghe and Heyst and arrives at Knocke-sur-Mer (Le Zoute) at 4.30 p.m. The return journey is at 4.30 p.m. from Le Zoute, Ostend at 5.20, arriving in Paris at 10 p.m.

The Varsities Visit Henley

Photo Illus.

THE NEW COLLEGE (OXFORD) BOAT STARTING OFF FOR A TRIAL

Topical

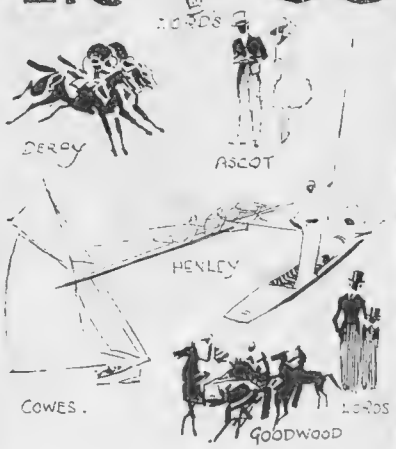
SELWYN COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE) PHOTOGRAPHED IN AN OPTIMISTIC MOMENT

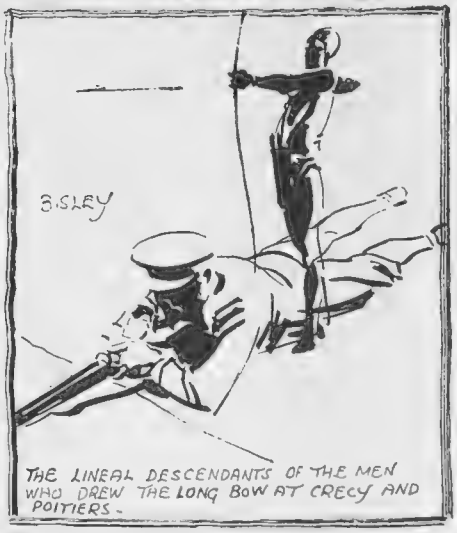
Photo Illus.

THE DOWNING COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE) FOUR

Some of the Varsity crews who have been practising diligently for Henley Royal Regatta, which opens to-day (Wednesday). Henley, the Mecca of the rowing world, given fine weather, proves a gorgeous pageant of colour amid most attractive surroundings

BYSTANDER COMMENTS





SKETCHES BY H. K. ELCOCK

The Gillyflower Month

AFTER leafy June, hot July, the month of thundershowers and (rhyming unintentionally) gillyflowers. To the unthinking it may appear merely dull that July must inevitably come after June, that Lord's should follow (and not precede) Ascot, as the night the day. Yet is this essentially dull? I remember an essay of Chesterton in which he openly gloried in the fact that, when you were in the Tube, Leicester Square always came next to Piccadilly, and Liverpool Street next to the Bank.

The True Romance

THIS inevitably, I think he argued, was the soul of true romance. To the genuinely romantic mind the charm of the expected was infinitely greater than the charm of the unexpected. If you left Charing Cross, reading your BYSTANDER, and looked out to find that the next station was not the Temple, but Holloway Road or Swiss Cottage or Stamford Brook, that would not be romance; it would be simple anarchy, a parody of the true romance.

A Thing of Order

SO I could prove, if I wished, to the confusion of the long-haired people who hold that romance must be freakish and grotesque, that, on the contrary, it is a thing of order and ritual. Each delightful part of it comes in order and season due. All the glowing pattern of the joyous year fits exactly. The Derby, Ascot, Wimbledon, Lord's, Henley, Cowes, Goodwood—each has its own individuality, each its fixed position in the glowing pageantry of national life.

The Charm of the Expected

WHAT is the opinion of the good Englishman home from abroad? He would be shocked and hurt by the unexpected. For him, above all, England must present a pageant of the expected. He looks not merely for the greenness of English turf and the quiet charm of the English countryside. He looks, too, I am certain, for London mud and even London fog. And if the roadway is not "up" in the Strand, I will wager he is simply furious.

My Favourite Ritual

FOR myself, I get my greatest thrill from a phenomenon which might be regarded by the uninitiated as dull and depressingly regular. If ever I returned after seven years at the North Pole (or even in America) I should go quietly to Lord's on a summer morning. I should not choose a classic game like the Gentlemen *v.* Players or a dazzling social function like the Eton and Harrow. I should select some modest match when Middlesex were playing some county of lesser importance. I should want my thrill, as far as possible, to myself.

A1 at Lord's

I SHOULD wander in and see the big pavilion and the great expanse of turf and the almost empty stands. A slight breeze (I should hope) would be fluttering the big flag. Then I should sit on a hard bench waiting for the bell to ring. Sure as the morning sun, that bell must ring at 11.15. It rings. Mysterious myrmidons steal out from their hiding-places and take away the ropes that surround the pitch. There is a hush of expectancy. The bell rings again. The umpires—one tall, the other short and stout—stroll out with a dignity that no earthquake could ruffle. The skipper of the fielding side is leading out his men. Here are the two batsmen. The umpire is giving the one with the cap centre. . . . Then I should know I was in England, and feel compensated for seven years at the Pole, or even in America.

Bisley Engaged

GOOD luck to the keen-eyed young men—some of them not so young, by the way—who shoot at Bisley. The crack riflemen of the ranges are the lineal descendants of

the men who drew the long bow at Creçy and Poitiers. Long before the modern rifle, with its marvellous accuracy, was invented, the English were the marksmen of the world. When England's military success depended on keenness of eye and steadiness of hand alone, English archers made England great. The great yew bent, the bowstring twanged, and the clothyard shaft went true to its mark. The heroes of Bisley are carrying on an unbroken tradition.

Early Training

A FLIPPANT friend of mine has a theory which traces our national skill with missile weapons of all kinds to the practice which the youth of the country has had in its time in throwing snowballs or other seasonable projectiles at the silk hats of its elders. This undoubted talent for marksmanship, he says, renders all the more lamentable the fact that we cannot discover a really tip-top fast bowler to send out to Australia. He says, with heavy sarcasm, that if we armed our present bowlers with sporting rifles they would not be as fast and accurate as Brearley or Tom Richardson.

Rocketing Round

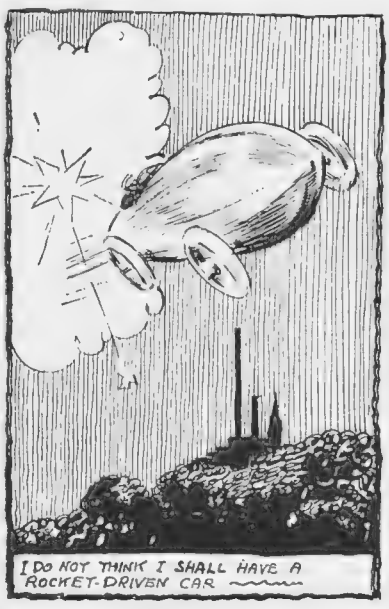
I DO not think I shall have a rocket-driven car of the type now being experimented with in Germany. However fast I was to travel I should like to feel that I was more or less in charge of the show and not being merely shot, so to speak, out of a gun. This car, I understand, runs, for a time at least, on rails and then usually leaves them in a cloud of smoke. After that a new car is required. This, I should imagine, would become a boring process in time, and there is no allure about it that would tend to make us desert our own modest vehicles.

By David Wilson

A "GLORIOUS FOURTH!"—"UNCLE SAM" PIPES ALL HANDS TO PEACE!

Cutters-In

THE Ministry of Transport's new Bill threatens to punish that inveterate enemy of good road manners, the queue-breaking cutter-in. I do not think we always go the right way about it when we denounce a certain type of offender as a Menace, or a Danger to Society. The man who is denounced as a Menace is rather proud of the fact. What we must bring home to the bad man on the road is that he is a nasty fellow. Which he is. Nearly all our English code is based (and healthily so) on manners rather than moral. We avoid not so much the thing that is wrong as the thing that "is not done." And a very practical working code that is.



Crime Statistics

WHEN you are told that certain classes misbehave upon the road, you must take the dictum with a good deal of salt. Not long ago I compiled some interesting (and entirely unreliable) statistics of road misbehaviour. There are a lot of people who delight in statistics of all and every sort and positively revel in decimal points and such things. The following computations may prove as thrilling as a "log" table. On a journey from London to Yorkshire I took a note of all the cars that behaved ill—cutters-in, overtakers on corners, dashers past cross-roads. Of all the cars I met, overtook or was overtaken by, a fraction under two per cent. were in the nasty fellow class, and of the nasty fellows, seventy-five per cent. were drivers of a certain make of American car. Am I right then in stating that the drivers of this make of car are mostly road hogs? I am not. Am I right in saying statistics prove anything? I'm sure I am.

QUO VADIS, 1928?

By PENDARVES

JUNE has rushed away: and July is here: and August is sitting on the doorstep. And August means exodus. But where? The wily man is he who, at the end of August, 1927, says to the Manageress at his hotel, "Well, Miss Allen, we will have the same rooms next year from July 28." And then he feels secure. The Manageress, however, knows that the chances are very strongly in favour of what she describes despairingly as a "cancellation" arriving from him about the middle of June, and she feels anything but secure. But one can't go to the same place year after year: it shows complete lack of initiative. No: some new place must be tried. Which?

It is fatal to ask your friends for advice. The man who goes invariably to the Continent considers that anyone who goes to an English seaside place is an idiot. Whereas he who says "England is good enough for me" considers every foreign place "dirty" and the entire population thieving rascals. Yet if you keep your own counsel and send quietly to a Travel Agent for guide books you receive in return a packet of literature which, employing all the superlatives possible, points out to you that *every* place is absolutely ideal for the summer holiday.

But at all costs must one avoid the Augustinian! I believe the real Augustinian was once a friar, a wise and godly man. The Augustinian *I* have horribly in mind is a wiseacre in his own estimation, but in mine he is anything but godly. He it is who KNOWS every place you can mention, and who gives summer holiday advice *gratis*. "My dear fellow, you can't go there: filthy hole: full of trippers: you'll hate it. No: the place for *you* is So-and-So—take it from me." The last thing in the world you should dream of doing. For is it not a curious thing that what is one man's holiday elysium is another's pestilence?

A man last year—an Augustinian Grand Master he must have been—strongly recommended—urged upon me—the ideal golfing place in all Scotland. He told me everything about it except that to obtain a time on the first tee meant getting up about six in the morning. That the hotel bath water had a way of running dark brown out of the pipes every other morning. That *all* the people I particularly loathe (and who have detested me from my youth up) had also booked rooms there. That it had held the rainfall record for half a century.

Still, we have got to go somewhere. So a word or two of Augustinian advice to the unwary. If the Continent has claimed you, do not be facetious with the Customs cove in the Douane. "*Avez vous quelque-chose à declarer, M'sieur?*" And two gimlet eyes bore into your soul. *How*, can anyone tell me, does one reply to this devastating question in such a manner that he does not instantly play Old Harry with the inside of a suitcase that was only closed with immense difficulty in London and now won't come anywhere near its locks? . . . But I suppose I have a flagrantly dishonest face. In any case, all the "stuff" was in my overcoat pockets. So he wasted his time after all. One up to England.

If a golfing hotel—or any hotel in England—watch out for the hotel horror. The man who *begins* the conversation before you have had time to tape him out—and never leaves you alone thereafter. Reams of his family history, personal prowess, astuteness, and general capabilities will you hear before you can kill him or cut him dead: and then it will be too late. Don't have money on the game with the man who says airily, "Oh, somewhere about ten, but I'm erratic." That will mean for certain that his erring will be towards a golf handicap much nearer five—and you will be for it.

But most fearful and wonderful of all is he who talks business on every possible opportunity—telling you how much he paid for those shares, which will be 18*s.* 9*d.* per share less than you paid, confound him. He is "something in the City," of course: what, you never quite grasp: and the result of a fortnight of him is the feeling that you have had no real holiday at all.

However, there is only a month left before we have all *got* to go away somewhere, whether we want to or not, because everyone else will be away, and one must do the correct thing somehow or other, somewhere. But where? I suppose there are quite a number of excellent people who are going off with huge families to take huge houses (furnished) and sleep on beds with the furnished house lumps in them: and pay three times the ordinary price for their groceries: and sit in deadly proximity to other huge families on seashores: and wait hours for a vacant tennis court: and hours to get their car in and out of the town garage. And that they are viewing all these prospects not merely with a resigned equanimity, but with positive eagerness. Life is very odd. August is odder. And it will soon be upon us once again. *Quo vadis?* I know! A course of quiet study in the British Museum Reading Room: cheap, comfortable, undisturbed, very handy by my Tube. What? You don't *mean* that? Packed with students all last August and you couldn't get a seat? Well, I'm . . .

By JOHN GORDGE

A COUNT AND A COUNTENANCE

DAPHNE: "That's Mrs. Potter-Potter. She's had her face lifted!"
JOAN: "Can't see any change, can you?"
DAPHNE: "No. I think it fell again when she saw the bill!"

Sport and General

A GROUP OF PLAYERS INCLUDING EARL BEATTY (left), LORD CROMWELL, CAPT. THE HON. F. E. GUEST AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

The Lords lose to the Commons at Ranelagh

In the annual match for the Harrington Cup at Ranelagh the House of Commons team beat the House of Lords by five goals to three. Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest played a sterling game at No. 3 for the Commons, whilst Lord Cromwell was the most prominent player for the opposing side

Brit. Illus.

LADY APSLEY AND LADY CROMWELL

Alfieri

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

Central News

SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY SINCLAIR (left), THE HON. F. E. GUEST, CATHERINE AND ELIZABETH SINCLAIR, LORD APSLEY AND MR. G. R. D. SHAW

Alfieri

LADY MAUD CARNEGIE AND LADY MARY CARNEGIE

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced May 29, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THE story begins in a newspaper office, so that we get an interesting picture of the way in which they turn out the stuff that we read in the morning train. The editor is awaiting with feverish impatience the "copy" of Mr. Collie, the chief reporter, a part taken with delightful humour by Mr. Campbell Gullan. Mr. Gullan drifts through the play as a sort of Sherlock Holmes, always on the spot when there is news to be got, and always a little ahead of rival practitioners. When he arrives at the office Collie's first anxiety is not about his "copy." He wants to explain discursively how he met an old friend outside whom he had not seen for years. This is such an easily identifiable type that I cannot help thinking that someone from this theatre must have been eavesdropping in Fleet Street.

COLLIE is not to be trusted to go into the reporters' room to write out his notes. He is required to dictate them to a swift typist under the editor's eye. This is a most ingenious way of introducing the plot of the play, and is followed by a still more ingenious way of changing the scenery. While Collie is dictating the electric light suddenly fails, but he goes on with his story, helping the typist out by the flare of his flashlamp. Presently the lights go up again, and we find we are in Sutton's office in Victoria Street, S.W.1.

SUTTON is the "Squeaker." Too much may not, of course, be told about the plot, because in plays of this kind it is the element of surprise that counts, and we do not want to be like the ladies who are said to have a way of reading the last page of a novel first. A "Squeaker" is an arch-criminal who saves his own skin by betraying his confederates. Sutton is actively engaged in the nefarious trade of receiving stolen goods, and, as we learned from our copy-books at school, the receiver is worse than the thief. To shield himself, therefore, Sutton has engaged as assistant a certain Captain Leslie, who is understood to have already undergone several terms of imprisonment. When the police trace some stolen

pearls to Sutton's office he tells them that Leslie is obviously their man, and that's what comes of trying to give an ex-convict a chance to make good.

SUTTON'S chief absorption for the moment is the preparation for his wedding, due in about a week's time. The bride-to-be is Beryl, the ward of an amiable Hebrew gentleman named Friedman, who, as a business man, cannot help admiring the success with which Sutton has built up what appears to be a flourishing agency of some kind in about two years. He therefore feels that Beryl's future will be nicely assured with such a clever husband. Presently Beryl calls at Sutton's office and finds Captain Leslie alone there, and, without hesitation, throws herself into his arms and allows herself to be kissed with business-like thoroughness. Doesn't seem quite the right thing, does it?

THIS agreeable little demonstration of affection is unhappily interrupted by the sudden return of Sutton and Friedman. Sutton naturally wants to make a bit of trouble, but Friedman sends him away with his girl, and has a heart-to-heart talk with Captain Leslie, mainly to the effect that Sutton is the man of his choice, and it is very naughty of anyone to go cuddling another fellow's girl. Captain Leslie replies with the mysterious remark that the day that Beryl marries Sutton she will become a widow. Evidently going to be trouble. You can see that.

Stage Photo Co.

A PASSAGE OF "ARMS"

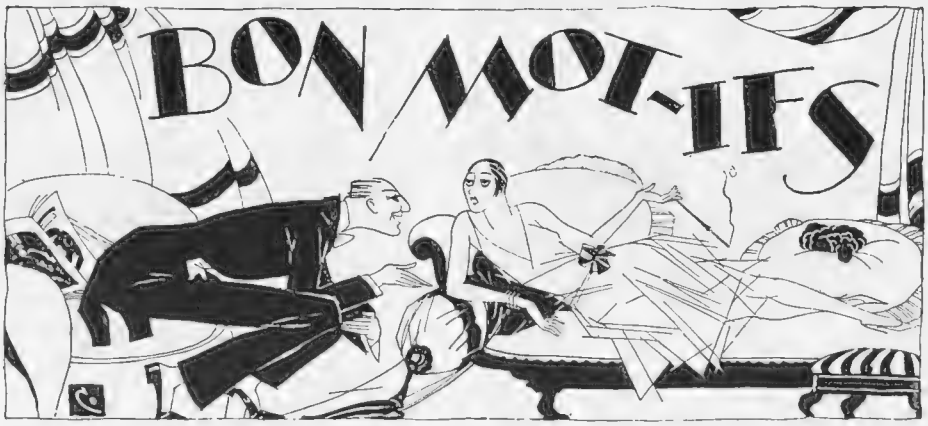
Sutton (George Relph) and Millie Trent (Kathleen Grace) in a little scene. In it we get an insight into the character of Mr. Sutton

It then transpires that Sutton is a compound bigamist who has a playful habit of marrying heiresses for their dowries, payable in advance, and leaving them at the church door to puzzle out for themselves whether they are spinsters or wives or widows. His real wife, Millie, who works with him in his office, aids and abets him in these sinful ways for the sake of her share of the swag. In the case of Beryl, mindful of her affectionate interview with Captain Leslie, Sutton anticipates the official marriage date, and rushes her round to the registrar's office, and makes her his unlawful wife a week in advance. Furthermore, he breaks the news to the real Mrs. Sutton that, so far from leaving Beryl, as usual, after the ceremony, he proposes to take her with him to Canada, whither he is going in order to avoid the impertinent curiosity of the Scotland Yard people. Mrs. Sutton warns him against doing anything of the kind, and it seems clear that she proposes to do her best, or worst, to stop him. Another hint of trouble brewing for Sutton.

Then we come to the Leopard Club, featuring Mr. Harry Wenman as the delightfully humorous Bill Annerley. Bill is nominally the hall-porter, but he is also the proprietor of the unsavoury place and an arbitrator in the differences between the more quarrelsome members. The place is frequented by gamblers and ladies of sorts, most of whom live by their wits, or otherwise, as the case may be. To this club comes Sutton on the day of his marriage, with an intimation that he is expecting a lady who is to be shown to his private room on her arrival. The lady is Mrs. Sutton, to whom he proposes to explain, as convincingly as you can ever hope to explain that sort of thing to your wife, his reasons for taking Beryl to Canada with him.

We see Sutton in his room impatiently skimming through the evening paper. Suddenly the door is opened quietly, and a Hand appears. In the Hand is a noiseless pistol that at once puffs a fatal bullet into Sutton's chest, so that he drops in his tracks and dies without making any sign. Naturally enough we all knew who did the shooting, and it is not till the next Act that we learn that we were all wrong, because it was done by somebody else. This is, of course, as it should be in a drama of this kind; while a final revelation which comes just before the falling of the curtain explains in two words or so details that have mystified us up to the last. Mr. Hartley Power as the ex-convict Leslie

is a tower of strength to the piece. Miss Mercia Swinburne is nicely attractive as Beryl, and Miss Kathleen Grace has a ready command of mild expletives as the watchful Mrs. Millie Sutton. The drama itself is another of the usual successes of Mr. Edgar Wallace, and it is therefore, of course, above criticism. JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

FROM a feuilleton:—"He tip-tilted her face to his." We suppose she was one of those ladies who had had her face lifted.

. . . . . .

"WHY didn't you give the waiter anything?"

"I offered him a cigarette."

"Why?"

"Well, the champagne was corked, and my cigarette was cork-tipped."

. . . . . .

SOME critics have been criticising Miss Edith Sitwell's free verse. Never mind; hers is a triumph of mind over metre.

. . . . .

"MUMMY, I saw daddy kiss the governess." Alas! It is the little things that tell.

. . . . .

AN unprecedented occurrence has happened in boxing. A prominent heavyweight, when interviewed, emphatically declared, "I shall lose."

. . . . .

ALREADY visitors at seaside resorts are complaining of the high prices that are prevailing. It is evident that the holiday "rush" has begun.

. . . . .

ROADS are up all over London. Perhaps that means the L.C.C. authorities are only carrying out the injunction to mend their ways.

. . . . .

"THAT waitress looks rather ancient."

"Yes; I wish the whisky she serves was half as mature."

IT is stated that we are what we eat. After our hotel breakfast this morning, we can only conclude that we are a perfectly bad egg.

. . . . . .

"Is the upholstery of this car good?"

"Sir, the proof of the padding is in the seating."

. . . . . .

WE are told that even in pre-historic times ladies used the lip-stick. We can imagine a fastidious husband exclaiming, "Woad, Emma, mind the paint!"

By NORMAN PETT

A TOQUE-N OF AFFECTION

"What a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage! How perfectly *sweet* it would look on a hat"

TALKING of lip-sticks, do any of our readers know who wrote "The Last Rouge of Summer"?

. . . . .

A PROMINENT cricketer has just married a Miss Bat. It is only proper that Miss Bat should be "spliced."

. . . . .

A NEW GUINEA chief has been cooked and eaten by a rival cannibal tribe. As the old song has it, "He ain't going to reign any more."

. . . . .

A DOCTOR now declares that shingling is injurious to the scalp. It looks as though we are in for another anti-hair-craft crusade.

. . . . . .

PEN YOUR POEM

(After an American model.)

When I came home last night about two—
. . . . . *blue!*
. . . . . *wife*
. . . . . *strife*
. . . . . *brow.*
. . . . . *wow!*

. . . . . .

WHO wrote:—"Marmalade is the real explanation of the Oxford Manna"?

. . . . .

JUDGING by the steak we consumed last night, we conclude that the rubber problem has reached the restaurants.

. . . . .

"MY dear, I'm going out to-night at Bohemia."

"Are you?" she retorted grimly, "you'll-be-home-here at eight!"

. . . . .

SCIENTISTS are still endeavouring to solve the problem whether it is possible for anyone to exist on Mars. Anyhow, it's d——d difficult to exist on earth.

. . . . .

"WHAT do you think of Mr. X's acting?"

"I think he's the best male impersonator on the stage."

. . . . .

ANSWER to correspondent: No, Tommy, it is not correct to describe a nasal organ as a harmonium.

No Green in His Lie!

BY STAN TERRY

BROWN DISCOVERS THE PERFECT GREEN AT LAST

A SCENE BELOW DECKS IN THE "STOCKFORCE"

The Bane of the U-Boats

The story of the Mystery Ships and their exploits in the War is a theme which suggests ideal possibilities for a film. The New Era Company undertook the task, and "Q Ships," which will be released shortly, is the result. It tells the story of the mysterious fleet of seemingly ordinary tramps, trawlers and yachts, armed with hidden guns and manned by volunteer crews, which did so much to break the *morale* of the German U-boat organisation. Lord Jellicoe himself enacted a scene for the film

ROY TRAVERS AS THE COMMANDER OF THE U-BOAT BASE

LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. AUTEN, THE Q SHIP V.C. (right), APPEARS PERSONALLY IN THE FILM

"A man lay stretched on a sofa in a drunken sleep"

WHITE METAL

By C. HEDLEY BARKER

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

On a fateful morning of July a raft dunched on the shore of happy San Roccio, and thus was set in motion a train of events which involved a drowning, a marriage, and the total loss of the doings. The raft, heavy-laden, all but water-logged, was freighted with a tin of sea-biscuits, a breaker which had once contained water, and fourteen stones of he-man in the person of Knocker White. Knocker White, in full shore-going regalia, was a handsome and compelling *homme du monde*, with flashing eyes, and a swagger flourish to his moustache. But, just now, he presented a villainous picture of manhood, dirty, unkempt, and equipped with five days' growth of beard.

It was dawn when Knocker White landed, and the natives had not yet bestirred themselves. A variety of vivid-coloured birds flitted about amongst the stagey palms. The sun rose up and laid a blood-red bar across the blue sea. But Knocker White was not interested in the beauties of nature. His one desire was for water, which he hadn't tasted for the last three days. So he staggered up the beach towards a ramshackle building which bore the entitlement: "Hôtel Beau de Ghent et Grande Globe." Below, in smaller letters, it was announced: "Here Anglish is speaking. High cl. accomodations *pour voyageurs*. The best sleepings. Whisky sodas. Cockstails. Come inside."

Knocker White banged on the door.

"Water!" he cried. "*L'eau. Wasser.* Drink. A wet, for the love of Mike!" Whereupon he collapsed in a swoon.

He awoke in the bar of the hotel. An evil-looking little man with a moustache and an Imperial was watching him intently out of bright eyes. Knocker White sat up, and reached for the brandy bottle, which was close handy. "Bon Sonty, chum," he said, taking a generous swig.

"*Vous parlez Français, M'sieu?*"

"Not so you'd notice it."

"So. I spik Anglish, good. From the book. *Comprendre?* Have you not got a 'air mattress? Call me at eight. Send the giblets. Good-day, Madam. You savvy, yes?"

"*Oui,*" said Knocker White, with a grin.

"I also spik more as that. Take a wik's notice. Are you troubled with vomiting? I 'ave a ver' painful boil. I 'ave pimples on my face. 'Ow much are the oysters? Quite short, with the clippers. You savvy that?"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Knocker White's grin had become a roar of laughter. His host regarded him with a fierce frown for a moment or two. Then he produced a wallet. "My *carte*," he said, handing it over with a grave bow. Inscribed thereon was:

Monsieur Aristide Montcalm.

Knocker arose, and shook hands. "Glad to meet you," he said. "Pleasant little island you have here. What's the name of it?"

Aristide shook his head with a puzzled frown. "So," he said. "I go. I get my daughter."

Aristide's daughter was a beauty, lithe, full-bosomed, supple as a rapier. Her combination of red hair and jet-black eyes was unusual, and intriguing even to Knocker White, who had long ago declared himself through with the sex. She had a fair command of English, and her accent was fascinating.

"Good-morning, M'sieu," she said, with a flash of white teeth. "My father, 'e is puzzle. 'Ow you come? No sheep. No aeroplane. We wake up, and —*voilà!*—you are 'ere, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Raft," said Knocker. "Shipwreck."

"Ah, sheepwreck! Yes, yes."

"I should like," continued Knocker, "a sleep. I'm dead-beat. All in."

"Sleep. But, yes, of course."

She turned, and said something to her father about *dormir*.

"*Mais, oui,*" said that worthy. "*Vingt-cinq francs.*"

Knocker shook his head, and turned his empty pockets inside out. "You're unlucky, Aristide," he said. "I'm broke. No money. No *argent*. Savvy?"

Aristide began to speak volubly. But his daughter took charge. "I like you," she said to Knocker White. "It is not of consequence. You stay 'ere one week, two weeks, tree weeks, a mont'—it is all the same. Come. I show you."

The only article of furniture in the bedroom was the bed, and the mosquito-nets might as well have been wire-netting.

"I like you," she told him once more. "Big mans. Strong muscle, yes? My name isss Veronique. I 'ave a 'usband. Zut! *Canaille!* Dronk all day. No work. You like kiss me?"

If Knocker White felt any surprise, he didn't show it. Gravely, he kissed her.

He awoke to the sound of music. Someone down below in the bar was strumming a guitar, and singing. Outside, the moon shone, and the sky was powdered with a myriad stars. When he had shaved with a villainously blunt razor of Aristide's, he was taken into the bar by Veronique, and presented proudly to the assembled company, she jabbering something in an unknown language, and they replying with smiles and bows directed at the hero of the shipwreck. Then:

"What you like? Brandy?" she asked. "Come—I show you somesings."

Knocker followed her into a room at the back. A man lay stretched on a sofa in a drunken sleep. Veronique spat on him, and said something unmentionable. "My 'usband, that pig-dog," she explained. "All day 'e is like that. One day, I get rid of that one. 'E wake up and find 'imself dead, yes? Pah! *Le chien sale!* Then, we get married, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I'd have to consider," said Knocker.

"Consider! oh, la, la! Am I not *chic?*"

"What was it you were going to show me?" asked Knocker, hastily changing the subject.

"Listen," said Veronique. "Two—tree year ago, a mans come in a boat. 'E was like you, shipwreck. 'E stay two mont'. 'E was what you call Nor—*Norvège*—"

"Norwegian," suggested Knocker.

"*Oui,* Norwegian. I no speak that language. No understand. All the time mekking signs. And, when 'e go, 'e leave these be'ind."

Veronique went to a cupboard, and produced two boxes, about eighteen inches long by five inches deep. She slid the lid back from one of them, and exposed a brick of dull white metal.

"Can you tell me if 'e is silver?" she asked.

Knocker White did a bit of quick thinking. He had done some gold and silver mining in his time, and he recognised this metal as the most valuable of all metals—platinum. He took the brick in his hand, and estimated the weight. At a rough guess there must be seven pounds of the stuff. "Fifteen hundred quid's worth!" he said to himself. "And there's two of 'em. That three thousand jimmy-o'-goblins. Strike me pink, a small fortune!"

He shook his head. "No," he said, "it's not silver. It's what they call white metal. They use it on board ship for repairs to the engines. You savvy what I mean?"

"Yes, yes. And, 'ow much is 'e worth?"

"Worth? Oh, next to nothing. Fifteen-pence, maybe. It's dirt-cheap, that stuff."

Veronique sighed. "So. Fiftin-pence." Her eyes flashed. Rage contorted her face. "I 'ate those dirty Norwegian!"

Thought Knocker that night as he got into bed, "I'll marry her. Dessay she'd give me money if I was to ask for it, but if I asked for the platinum as well, that'd raise her suspicions. Yes, I'll marry her, and we can tote the stuff along with us on our honeymoon. At the first port of call I can cash in on it and give her the slip. Three thousand quid! Knocker, my boy, San Roccio's going to do you proud!"

* * * *

There were festive doings at the wedding of Knocker White and Veronique Montcalm. Aristide Montcalm himself dispensed the cocktails and whisky sodas. Many of the guests were overcome, and had perforce to avail themselves of the best sleepings at *vingt-cinq francs* a time.

When at last Knocker White had his bride to himself he ventured a sympathetic inquiry *re* the sudden demise of her late husband.

"We drown that one in 'is dronken sleep, the pig," said Veronique. "I and my *père*, we carry 'im down to where it is verree deep, and—*voilà!*—'e die without waking up. That white metal, 'e come in useful, after all."

"What!"

Knocker exploded the word like a pistol-shot.

"Yes," murmured Veronique. "We put one in each pocket to weight that one down. Fiftin-pence. Cheap, *n'est-ce pas?* Kiss me, my 'usband." C. H. B.

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SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS

No. VII—A DISCOVERY

"You need every club in the bag at times"

WE were under the spell of Westward Ho! and there seemed to us no other golf possible in this countryside. For when you become a novitiate in the lores and unique characteristics of this omnipotent course you are with difficulty prevailed upon to worship other gods. But a master of the game had recently warned me against leaving North Devon without playing at Saunton. He had committed himself to the apparent heresy of saying that it was "better than Westward Ho!" I have not the pluck to presume to confirm this in writing, because when a golf links are endowed by benign nature with attributes such as have been given to the Royal North Devon Club, and time has thereafter laid a mellowing hand upon it, the man is brave indeed who will affirm that any new course can be "as good," far less "better" than its very much older neighbour: for age in golfing country is the father and mother of its virtues.

Moreover, if you are firmly planted in Westward Ho's most comfortable hotel and men point to the horizon of Bideford Bay saying that Saunton lies vaguely "over there," but that you have a twenty-mile drive to it, inland, round and out again, still more will you be disinclined to adventure into this unknown country with such an *embarras de richesses* just below your front door. But you certainly should. It will be a revelation to you, chiefly because of its unexpectedness.

You come to it either from Ilfracombe, eight miles away; or from Barnstaple, seven miles; or from Bideford. And as you pass through its village, Braunton, you see no sign of anything that remotely resembles real, good golfing country—or even golfing terrain at all. Then suddenly alongside the road you will see a large notice board announcing "Saunton Golf Club." Immediately behind it lies a very mediocre-looking club house: and some fields bearing roughish grass. And at this point your heart will sink into your brogues. For you feel sure you know the sort of thing that has been put upon you. One of these much vaunted beastly places that people who don't know anything about real golf consider "good": drat the whole boiling of them. . . . And yet a master of the game had told me . . . plus the Editor of *Golfing*, who had kindly gone out of his way to write me specially on the subject. "Very odd," I said.

And then you pay a green fee—and prepare for the worst. The Steward tells you, over a glass of rather injudicious beer, that they took £1,200 in green fees here last August. Your glance at your disgruntled pal implies that there are more fools in the world than even you thought there were. And the arrival of the 1st tee has a tendency to increase your gloom, for it is a blind drive, uphill, over *very* "inlandy" turf. However—here goes: you are for it.

But oh! how deceived you were. How entirely wrong your first impressions have been. And here let me hasten to say that a brand new £10,000 club house is now actually under construction. Not anywhere near where the old one stands, but on a dramatic eminence, commanding the view that is now about to burst on you. And that dull first hole will very soon be a first hole no longer. Suddenly, as you top the ridge which flanks that first green, the whole miraculous matter becomes clear. Directly you climb that hill the entire character of the country alters before your amazed eyes. A golf course of the extreme of "class" spreads before you.

As Mr. Bernard Darwin, Britain's premier writer on golf, most truly says: "One thing is certain about Saunton, that there never was a spot in the whole world more obviously intended for a golf course. The splendour of its hills and valleys must be seen to be believed." For my part, in the effort not to wax lyrical about this discovery of mine: in the desire to be fair, I suppose I ought, having just come over from Westward Ho! in all its mighty majesty and dominion, to remind myself that it is only eight years old. That, therefore, even to-day, although thousands of lucky people have played over it already, its lies and its general smoothness are not so perfect as they will be in a few years' time. That, if for this reason alone, a seasoned golfer cannot sensibly compare it with a course which was classic in the 'eighties.

But nobody wants to draw comparisons while here. They are otherwise engaged. They are engaged very earnestly in playing every shot in the bag. And the chances are they will play them half as well again than

they have been doing for some weeks. For this delicious place is one of those courses which has a distinct tendency to make you play up. Because the turf is superb, the greens are of a super quality, the hazards are not heart-breaking in their ferocity and importunity: and, above all, infinite variety keeps your mind off your past weaknesses, fixing it on imminent strength.

But in case you may think from the foregoing that this is one of the simple "dead-easy" places, let me remind you that a player here once had to be content with a 92 for his round, immediately prior to the contest for the Gold Medal at Westward Ho!, which he won in the face of keen competition on that difficult course.

I particularly do not want to expatiate unduly upon this golf course, because it would please me immensely if any reader of mine could go there and experience the sensation of delightful discovery that was my fortune upon that sunny summer day. It furnishes one of those epochs, don't you know, in one's golfing career.

The Americans, who are good enough to admit that they appreciate British courses more than their own, come here in the summer in great numbers, for the fame of Saunton seems to have been more widely proclaimed over there than here. A party of our American friends arrived here one lovely day last year in a sumptuous cream-coloured Rolls. The green fee is five shillings a day, or three shillings and sixpence if you only play one round. They took a day ticket. But one round seemed, strangely, to have sufficed them, for after lunch one of their quartette presented himself to the Secretary, tickets in hand, demanding the eighteenpence change on each, as they had decided to go on to Westward Ho! for the afternoon round. Somehow we don't do this sort of thing.

"Demanding the eighteen-pence change on each"

One of their most spectacular holes here was found oddly enough by a photograph. Fowler, who began laying out the course in 1918 (how pleased with himself he must have been!), was called away urgently to some other golf course before he had decided at all definitely on the position of the short 14th. In fact, they were all very puzzled about the placing of this 14th, for the ground here is very broken and, for a golf architect, difficult. So he said to Mr. Pitts-Tucker, who was then associated with him in the work but who has since become the genial Secretary, "Take as many photographs as you can of all this,"—waving his hand about the horizon—"and send them up to me." And they did. And when a dozen photos lay before the keen eyes of Fowler there, "sticking out a yard," as he described it, was the blissful 14th, a perfect one-shot hole Nothing to be done but merely make a green. The outstanding subtlety of the hole is that you need every club in the bag at times, save the driver, brassie, and putter, in order to be on the green in one, so variable and cunning are the wisps of wind that blow all about it from round the corners.

As a fillip to errant golfing appetites, and in an attempt to lure them towards the discovery of Saunton, so that they may bless me thereafter, let me tell them that they will find on the course a little of the atmosphere of Le Touquet (the best golf in France); a spot of Prestwick; a green that is vividly reminiscent of one at Gullane; a raised tee that spells Troon; and with all this the smell and tang of seaweed in the air all the time, for the sea is close at hand.

And in the club house and in the whole neighbourhood that *bonhomie* and welcome to all golfing strangers that all new clubs are most wise in extending towards the inquiring sceptical stranger: a policy which some very old clubs, that have not got their way to make in the world, might adopt with immense gratification to their visitors and no loss of dignity to themselves.

D. L.

Topical

OFF TO THE RING

Some boys from Canford School, Wimborne, photographed on their way to saddle-up in their riding school, where they are taught to ride and jump. All the horses are owned either by the boys or the school, and are stabled in the grounds

AMONG THE FEATHERED FRIENDS

Bobby Howes, as the detective, experiments with an opium pipe. The effect of his quiet smoke leaves him feeling a little the worse for wear and wondering if it really is safe to believe his eyes

"The Yellow Mask" Moves

Edgar Wallace's musical-comedy-cum-crook-adventure play has left His Majesty's, where it was produced, and is now playing to big houses at the Palladium. Above are seen some of the principals in incidents from this deservedly popular entertainment

Photographs

BAG AND "BAGGAGE"

Molly Vane (Winnie Collins) finds the accommodation on board the liner a little cramped. Judging by her expression, she hardly relishes the position

Stage Photo Co.

ENTER THE VILLAIN

The sinister Li-San (Malcolm Keen) practises a little Oriental persuasiveness. The object of his attentions is none other than the fair heroine, Mary Bannister (Phyllis Dare)

A Medley of Sport

I.B.

THE IRISH FINALISTS

D. E. B. Soulby (left) and J. O. Wisdom (right), the finalists in the Irish Close Golf Championship, which was won by the former by 7 and 5. Between them is Mr. Hugh Kelly, President of the Irish Golfing Union

Sport and General

REPRESENTING HIS COUNTRY

The Crown Prince Olaf, who has been selected by the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club to represent Norway in the Olympic Sailing Contests. He will compete in his six-metre yacht, "Norna"

Art Photo

A BRITISH VICTORY

Lady Bowden presenting the Silver Sash to Jim Kempster at the White City after his recent victory on the dirt track. Kempster was the first Englishman to win an important race against the Australian "cracks"

THE WINNER

Mrs. J. O. Beeston with the Challenge Cup which she won at the recent Ladies' Open Golf Tournament at Llandrindod Wells. During the meeting here she also won the Open Medal, thus registering a double success at this popular Welsh Club

Photo Illus.

IN AMERICA

Johnny Farrell, who scored a notable triumph by winning the American Open Golf Championship at Olympia Fields, Chicago. He beat the redoubtable Bobby Jones in the final by one stroke

under Midsummer's Sun

Sport and General

THE WEST INDIANS AT LORD'S

A general view at Lord's during the first Test Match between England and the West Indies. Owing to the sudden collapse of the West Indies batting, the match resulted in a win for England by an innings and 58 runs

COMPLETING HIS CENTURY *Central News*

Sandham, who put up a score of 122 for Surrey in the second innings of their match against Cambridge University at the Oval, completing his century. The result was a draw, Cambridge making 453 in their first innings and Surrey 182 in their first and 394 in their second innings

THE GENTLE ART *Frank O'Brien*

The Hon. Mrs. Rogers fishing the famous Blackwater at Kilmurry, near Fermoy in Co. Cork. She is the younger sister of Lord Heytesbury

BEFORE THE RACE *Fox Photo*

The Weybridge Ladies' Rowing Club Eight photographed in their boat above Putney Bridge. In a race over the University course from Putney to Mortlake, they beat the Ace Ladies, of Barnes, by about ten lengths, their time being 25 mins. 59 secs.

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"In a bathing costume"

Mes Amis,

I suppose there is no theatre in London now which can count with certainty on its regular public, which knows precisely what the public will be contented with, and is able to provide it year in and year out with complete mutual satisfaction. The Lyceum, Drury Lane, Daly's and the Gaiety all had a spell when such a satisfactory report might have been written on them, no doubt, but I gather that their managers, like all the other London managers, have now to engage on the dubious task of guessing over the fare that will appeal to theatre-goers.

Every London manager would, therefore, I take it, be glad to be in the position of the management of the Palais Royal, which is apparently as thoroughly assured of its public as a Casino of its *cagnotte*. Seemingly, the only danger that the Palais Royal might incur would arise if the management ventured on a departure from the usual assortment of condiments without meat, and one does not imagine that they are likely to embark on any perilous experiments of that sort.

"Dancing on the balcony"

Consequently the new piece, *La Baigneuse du Lido*, is constructed according to the traditional formula, now almost as perfect as an automatic machine, with the result that it is as thoroughly entertaining as usual, and can be counted on to have the customary run. The idea is to take a group of highly contrasting individuals and force them into all sorts of "encounters" at moments when their meeting is utterly undesirable. In the present case there is a husband who is a Minister, his wife and daughter, who are pretty, a secretary who is timid and a lady typist who isn't, and an old reactionary Comte and his simpleton son, who should marry the Minister's daughter. The elderly Comte has the supreme gift for stumbling in on startling "situations." He finds the wife of the Minister in pyjamas in the attic of the secretary, but she is only dancing on the balcony to excite the Communist crowd, then he comes upon her in a bathing costume at the Lido, then in the arms of the secretary, and next in the arms of her prospective son-in-law. Among others surprised at correctly spaced intervals are the Minister, in the arms of the typist, the timid secretary in the arms of the Minister's daughter, in those of the Minister's wife, also in the arms of an old maid of the Lido, and then in the very encouraging arms of the typist — a shrewd girl who climbs the scale in arms till she reaches those of the Prime Minister.

"Prohibition of saucy Parisian weeklies"

Arms of the men sampled by the Minister's daughter include those of the reactionary Comte's son, those of the Comte himself, and then, eventually, the arms of the secretary, who has really loved her and her alone all the time, but, being timid, did not dare to say so. Altogether, a perfect feast of arm-testing, with specimens for all tastes, and the taste of the Palais Royal public being emphatically favourable to such demonstrations of promiscuous, if evanescent, affection, there is a pleasant evening for everybody. What a lucky manager! And what capable authors—able to mix their spices with as much exactitude and success as a chemist mixes the sweetly disguised prescriptions of the family doctor.

"Till she reaches those of the Prime Minister"

I have come to the conclusion that there are a lot of points about being a golf "pro," that is, a successful golf "pro," so good at teaching that most exasperating of

all games that there are always more pupils on the waiting list than can possibly be accepted. Such an exceptional being can say just what he thinks about any one of them without the slightest danger of a retort, because they are all afraid that if they incurred his displeasure he might erase their names from his list. There is a Scotsman teaching golf to Parisians, who is one of the best six teachers in the golfing world, and as a benevolent despot he could vie with all the scimitar-tongued potentates of fable or history.

THE other day I went to consult him about the purchase of a new driver, and I heard him telling a prominent City man that he ought to be ashamed of himself for not being able to knock a golf ball farther. And when I had selected a club that appealed to me he insisted that I should swing it in front of him. I didn't want to give any such demonstration, knowing my man, but it was pretty certain that if I didn't obey I shouldn't get the club, so I made my feeble effort. "Oh," he commented, "is it purposely that you are trying to finish like Abe Mitchell?"

SOME people might have fallen under the delusion that this was a compliment, but, as I said, I know my man, and was fully aware that the only thing to do was to reply accurately, if feebly, that as I had never had the pleasure of watching Abe Mitchell, I would not presume to try to imitate him. I was severely roasted about a spirally inclined left knee and a sliding right hand—which accounted for that short "follow-through"—before the benevolent tyrant allowed me to depart with that driver.

IT seems almost beyond belief, but an organisation has contrived to constitute itself in Paris which has among its main objects the suppression of the Quat'z' Arts Ball, the Bal de l'Internat—which is, perhaps, a shred more "fierce"—and also the prohibition of the "saucy" Parisian weeklies. And, even more incredible, this organisation is called Young France. Had it been entitled Octogenarian France less perplexity would have been created, as crusty veterans often suffer from an impulse to knock down the things they have help to build up in their wild young days.

THEY are hardly likely to get very far with their campaign, one imagines. The Bal des Quat'z' Arts has withstood a lot of assaults, but it still goes riotously on. The crusaders of Young France hit rather a nasty snag at their first protest meeting as their assembly was invaded and broken up by a flying column from the *Surrealistes*. I never quite knew before what the Super-Realists stood for, but, knowing the "Quat'z' Arts," I begin to get a glimmer of the meaning of super-realism. *Surrealisme* must imply *la verité toute nue*, but I would not like to say it means the whole truth and nothing but the truth. RENÉ.

"ENGLISH, QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

The Alfred Jackson Dancing Girls, whose wonderful team dancing has won them unstinted praise on the Continent, have returned to this country. They are appearing at the Alhambra this week, where they are adding to their laurels

I.B.

THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE AND MISS AUDREY YARROW AS THE KING AND QUEEN OF CADZOW

Topical

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AS THE CHIEF MAID OF HONOUR

"THE STORY OF THE WEST"

Some incidents from the picturesque historical pageant, held at Garscube, Glasgow, which tells the "Story of the West." The episodes range from the legend of Queen Languoreth to the '45, and are enacted by many well-known people of the neighbourhood

Photographs *Topical*

THE QUEEN OF KING JAMES VI, REPRESENTED BY MISS STIRLING STEWART, WITH HER ATTENDANTS
(Inset) LADY HAMILTON OF DALZIEL AS THE LADY OF KILBRIDE

SNATCHING A HOLIDAY

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

'Women at Bisley"

SOMEWHERE IN DEVON, *July* 2.

DEAR COUSIN,

YES, here I am, over the hills and far away, out in the wild, wild West. . . Having boldly, rashly, and oh-so-thank-G.-for-it-ally snatched just one brief week or so from the very midst of the London season, and not been sorry for it yet, either. Oh, my dear, the joy and relief after the dazzling and wearing so-called glories of Ascot and the Horse Show, and star-gazing at Wimbledon, so to speak—to find oneself suddenly whisked by swift Southern to this little enchanted corner of soft, soothing peace—yes, it *can* be swift when it wants to, that celebrated *chemin de fer* or *Eisenbahn* that's so traditionally a boon and a blessing to comedians of the pen. Anyway, rushed *me* along at over forty miles per hour all the way from dear old London—p'raps it had heard I was coming — and even Hamlet, the brown spaniel, hardly had time to get through his beauty-sleep in his usual funk-hole under the seat, all among the (fortunately not functioning) hot-water pipes when. . . .

"I almost broke my own neck"

WHEN suddenly, and somehow unexpectedly—as *does* somehow happen, doesn't it? on these longish holiday incursions into the unknown—we glided into the dearest little, tiny station. You know the sort: where you have to look most uncommonly slippy to get all your bags and hat-boxes and things on to the platform, and have barely time to make moderately certain sure they haven't forgotten what's in the van before off it slides again, the train, I mean, and there you are marooned in a sort of deep, rural stillness. And wondering whether they grow any porters in the neighbourhood, as well as stocks and sweet williams.

FIGUREZ-VOUS, ma chère, as I look out of my widest open bedroom window I see a soft, gentle slope before me going up to I don't in the least know how high—nothing alarming, but vivid green wheat fields and rich red earth and flower-clustered banks and hedges. And when the soft sea-wind blows or whispers, as it generally does, there's an anything-but-permanent wave along the rippling fresh fields you couldn't buy in Bond Street for the dowry of a U.S. dollar princess. A hawk hangs poised, the rooks are cawing over some private gossip of their own, and the seagulls, those silly birds, try hard to join in the chorus with their senseless and meaningless chatter—rather like a lot of hearties among the æsthetes, what?

NOT that life's all this pleasant kind of Nirvana in dear, darling, soothing, caressing, and infinitely friendly Devon—oh, not by no means. We have also, for one thing, a golf course. Your Blanchette, I quite frankly admit it, is not (as yet) quite a plus four golfer. Sometimes, perhaps, when by some chance the ball is well and truly hit, she may put up a reasonably decent score, but whatever happens, and decide the presiding gods of golf what they may, when you're wandering about over lovely sand dunes all covered with samphire and speedwell and wild pansies and viper's bugloss (lovely words) and lee pink and rockrose and the rest. . . . Well, even if you top that terribly important spoon shot or fluff that vital mashie, there's still some joy in life left when brilliant blue borage blossoms smile you in the face at the very moment of desperation. A sea, too, there is here, that has been swum in, after long walks over a mile or so of sands, whereon Hamlet the dog went mad with galloping ecstasy. And sunshine, "like a booming bell," as one of our poets hath put it, beats gloriously down on you while you most indecently undress and dress again on the sand behind a bit of the dunes, and virtuously hope that no one's watching you, but if they do, who cares?

"And dress again on the sands"

MEANWHILE, in London now and environs hear rumours of a river festival called Henley that starts its usual quiet revelries this Wednesday as ever is, and good luck to it, said she. And fierce fights of lawn tennis champions (wherein we, alas! have but little

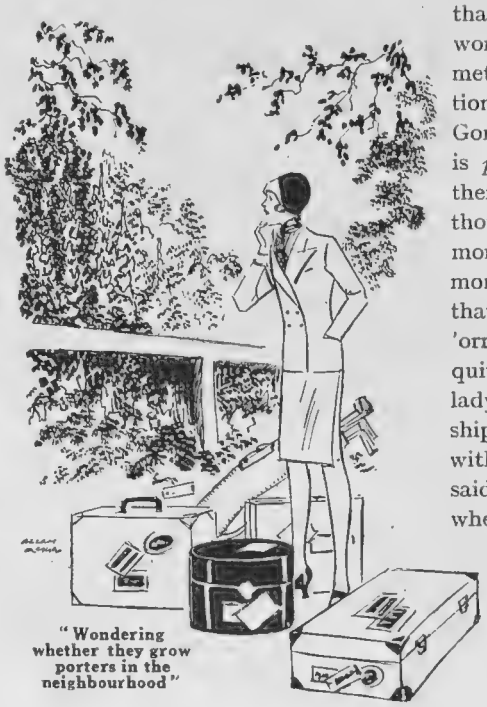
portion now) are still busily proceeding at Wimbledon. And at Bisley, am told, quite lots of people, including women, are violently engaged in the oddish occupation of firing off rifles and things at targets so's to win all sorts of King's Prizes and things—bless their little hearts.

卐

And at the Café Royal they've got that clever Gracie Fields, making her first appearance in cabaret, where she's every bit as big a success as she is in her songs in variety. You know how she comes on to sing a perfectly serious song, and before you know where you are she'll make it all too ludicrous for words. Adore her, I do.

卐

Just before I came away, too, I saw some really wonderful colour films. New process, they are, put on by the British Multicolour people, whereof the chairman is Charles Gulliver, of theatre fame. They showed us some seagulls that were quite lifelike, and the loveliest seascapes among other things. Quite fascinated me and all the other folk, they did.



"Wondering whether they grow porters in the neighbourhood"

Have you read any of the last books, by the way? Here in this little Devon back-water, of course, one *does* really at last get a kind of a chance to try and cope with them. And oh, my dear, that bad Mr. Maurice Dekobra, who works so hard to *épater les bourgeois*, has, methinks, done fairly well in that direction this time with his "The Phantom Gondola." Quite hectically improper it is *pour les jeunes filles*, or would be if there were any such still surviving, though between you and me really much more amusing in his more respectable moments, as, for instance, when he tells that story which may, of course, be a 'orrible chestnut, but happens to be quite new to me, about the American lady who was shown a bronze plate in the ship Nelson commanded at Trafalgar, with suitable inscription. "Madam," said the officer, "this marks the spot where Nelson fell during the battle." Whereto, quite unimpressed, she duly replied: "I don't see anything remarkable about that. I almost broke my own neck there a minute ago." Can you beat it?

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette.

Bystander Bridge

TRIPLE GRAND COUP

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Opportunities of bringing off the grand coup do not occur frequently. When they do they are often missed. The average player with game and rubber staring him in the face does not trouble about extra tricks. He is quite content with the goods the gods give him. But it is part of the fun of the game to squeeze out every possible trick and make a grand slam by manipulation.

S.—A, Q, J.
H.—10, 7.
D.—A, K, Q, J, 10.
C.—K, Q, 5.

S.—8, 6, 4, 2.
H.—None.
D.—7, 6, 4, 3, 2
C.—J, 10, 9, 4.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S.—10, 9, 3.
H.—K, 6, 5, 2
D.—9, 8, 5.
C.—8, 7, 3.

S.—K, 7, 5.
H.—A, Q, J, 9, 8, 4, 3.
D.—None.
C.—A, 6, 2.

Score, game all. Z deals and bids "Three Hearts." All pass.

At first sight you will be inclined to say, "Well, it must be a grand slam for Z, and nothing can prevent it."

But look a little closer and you will see that B has four Hearts to the King, and so long as he does not cover when Hearts are led from Dummy, how is Z to catch that King?

Z with his seven trumps must eventually get into the lead and have to lead up to B's King. How can it be prevented?

The only way it can be done is by Z trumping Dummy's winners and putting Dummy in at the eleventh trick so that B must play a trump which Z can overtrump.

This is how it works:—

Tricks.	A	Y	B	Z
1	C—J	C—Q	C—3	C—2
2	S—2	H—10	H—2	H—8
3	S—4	H—7	H—5	H—3
4	D—2	D—A	D—5	S—5
5	D—3	D—K	D—8	H—4
6	S—6	S—J	S—3	S—7
7	D—4	D—Q	D—9	H—9
8	S—8	S—A	S—9	S—K
9	D—6	D—J	C—7	H—J
10	C—4	C—K	C—8	C—6
11	D—7	D—10	S—10	C—A
12	C—9	S—Q	H—6	H—Q
13	C—10	C—5	H—K	H—A

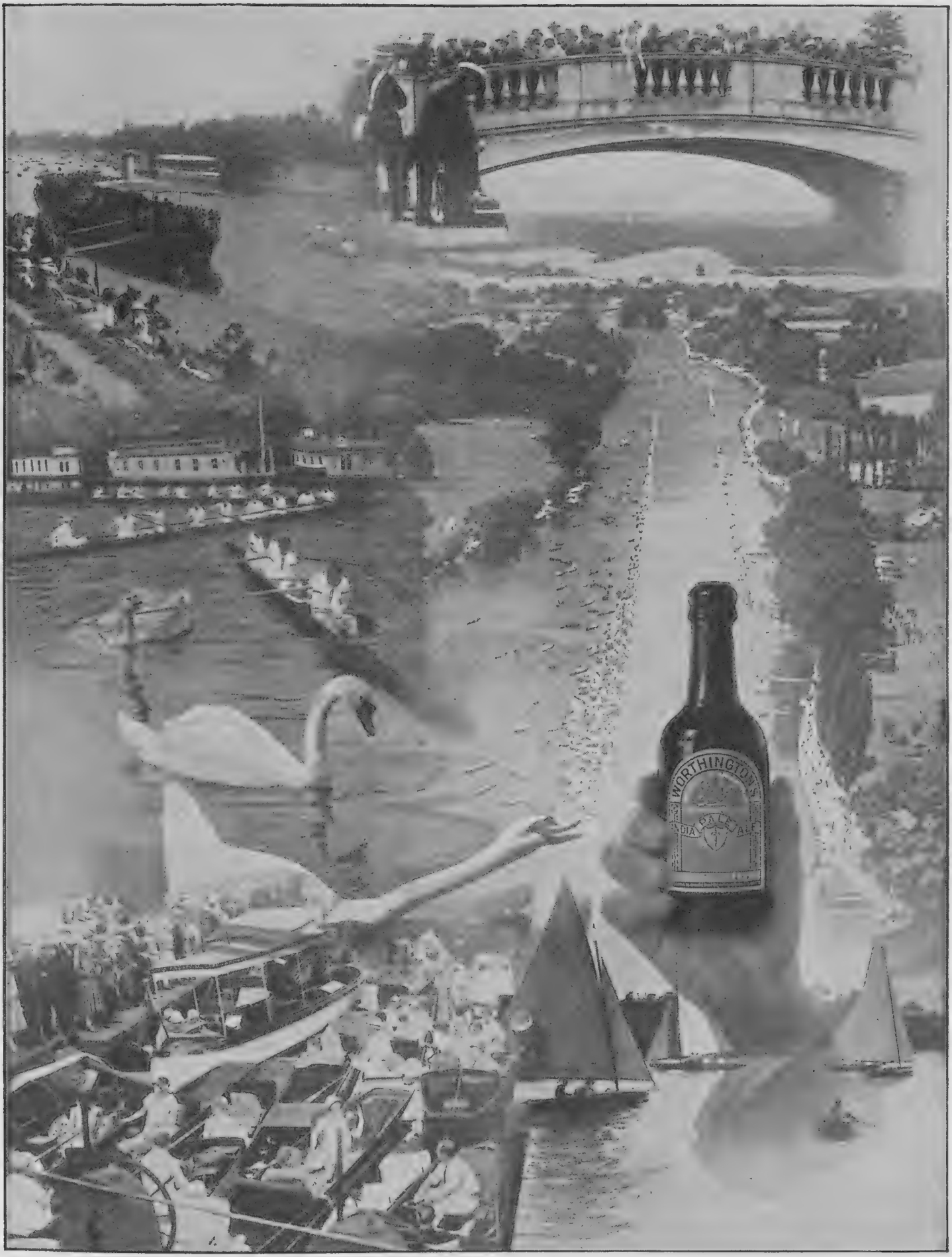
Of course, both Z and B could discard differently. Z, in his discards after B's Diamonds are exhausted, will be guided by B's discards. The issue is not affected so long as the lead is in Y's hand at the eleventh trick.

The hand is an illustration of the triple grand coup, as Z must trump Dummy's winners three times in order to reduce the number of his trumps to two at the right moment so that he may not have the lead at the twelfth hand.

. . . . . .

A correspondent in Ayr asks me to decide the following point: Z deals and bids "One No Trump"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Two Clubs"; Z and A, "No bid"; Y, "Two No Trumps" and then "Two Diamonds"! Was Y entitled to amend his bid? He claims that his first bid was a misnomer. Law 16 states that by a misnomer is meant a slip of the tongue, and not a change of mind. Further, a misnomer must be corrected "practically in the same breath."

Only the Declarer can say if the bid was a change of mind, and the opponents must, of course, take his word for it not being so in this case, while the matter is affected by the length of time between the two bids on which they are entitled to judge



Soft slap of water under the punt . . . white sails weaving to and fro . . . "Look ahead, skiff! . . . river's lovely just now . . . I say, push on, we'll just make the lock . . . See you up at Henley? Yes, my boy's in for the Diamonds . . . Jove, it's thirsty work with a full punt. Let's tie up here and open that Worthington . . . "

A BRIDE OF THE MONTH

Miss Winifred Gillespie, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Gillespie, of Morpeth. She is to marry Mr. Joseph Grigg Kellock, of Totnes, at St. James's Church, Morpeth, on July 12

Femina

NURSERIES OF ILLUSION

By MRS. M. VINCE

WHO shall say what the ideal nursery is? No one knows. If you were to look back to your own nursery days you might feel now that the ideal *was* your own nursery, or perhaps some other nursery where you played only for an afternoon, where all the toys were new and wonderful, and from which you were taken away (in tears) before you had had time to grow tired of anything. And if you were to try to take advice from some present nursery-inhabitant, you would probably get some startling and impossible ideals—strange rooms, with bits of other rooms included in them, from the drawing-room to the garage.

WHEN you remember the things that gave you pleasure and pain when you were little—things beyond the calculation of the most sympathetic of grown-ups—you cannot look at the most beautiful of nurseries without some feelings of doubt. Yet what ingenuity is spent on the modern nursery! More, probably, than on any other room. Because of this, and because of that element of wonder and doubt which there must be about every nursery, there is no room which it is more interesting to see. There has just been an exhibition of nurseries in one of the big furnishing houses. It was very typical of the modern nursery, with its bright colours, its gaiety, and its miniature furniture. (The little covered wash-hand stands, though they might leave children cold, would go straight to the hearts of any grown-up.) It was typical also in the almost lavish desire of the designers to make the rooms immediately attractive.

IT is just about that desire to be immediately attractive which I feel doubtful. One finds it in other rooms besides the nursery. One sees drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and bedrooms which are made immediately attractive. But the people who are attracted very soon tire of them when they have to live in them every day. The same is true of nurseries. What is immediately attractive to children may not be the best nursery, for, though it is almost heresy to say it in these days, even children may be wrong.

MRS. A. I. MACPHERSON

Whose wedding to Capt. Allan Iver Macpherson took place at Leigh Church, Worcestershire, on June 23. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. W. Best, of Sherridge Lodge, near Malvern

WHAT is done to make nurseries immediately attractive is to fill them with toys. There are toys everywhere—on the floor, on the walls, on the furniture. At this exhibition there were chairs in the form of animals; there was a cot painted not only with the characters from the nursery rhymes, but with the rhymes themselves; there was one room with toy animals, from the farmyard, the jungle, and the desert, pasted on the walls; there were even wax-candles painted with the national figure of Wilfrid. There is no doubt about the immediate attractiveness of such nurseries. I think that the children would vote for them at once; but I feel sure that they would in the end find them rooms of disillusionment. For children are realists, and they would discover a lack of reality in these rooms.

IF one wants to read the nursery rhymes, one does not want to go to bed to do it. It would certainly be excellent fun to paste animals on the walls—but that is just what the children would not be allowed to do themselves. Once they were there, one would certainly want to take them off again—for children like their toys to be able to move about—but, again, that is what they would not be allowed to do. While, finally, I imagine, every properly constituted Gugnunc would simply hate to see Wilfrid slowly consumed by fire each evening.

PICTURE-FRIEZES telling a whole story are much better than animals, and one of these rooms had such a frieze. It was not close under the ceiling, but very sensibly placed about half-way up the wall where it could be seen by small people. That is the right place for such a frieze. But there are difficulties when it comes to arranging the furniture. In fact, the beginning of this particular picture-frieze was hidden by a wardrobe—a blunder which would be irritating to any child. But even if that blunder can be avoided, is not a story told in pictures round the wall a poor substitute for the same story told in a picture-book—a book with leaves which can be turned? That is what must make these nurseries painted all over with toys a disappointment.

YET even if these nurseries do not soon become rooms of disillusionment, is this ingenious multiplication of toys the right way to decorate them? Children may not be immediately responsive to beautiful colours or to good design, as they are to a chair in the shape of an elephant, but these things must have an unconscious influence, and it is none the less important because its effect we may never know.

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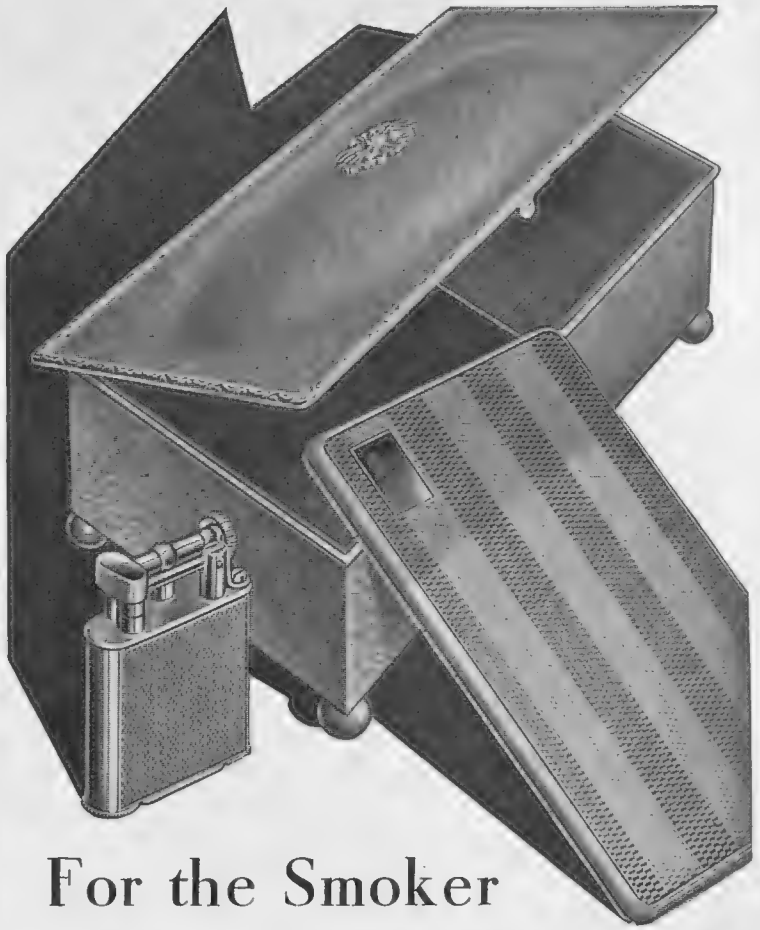

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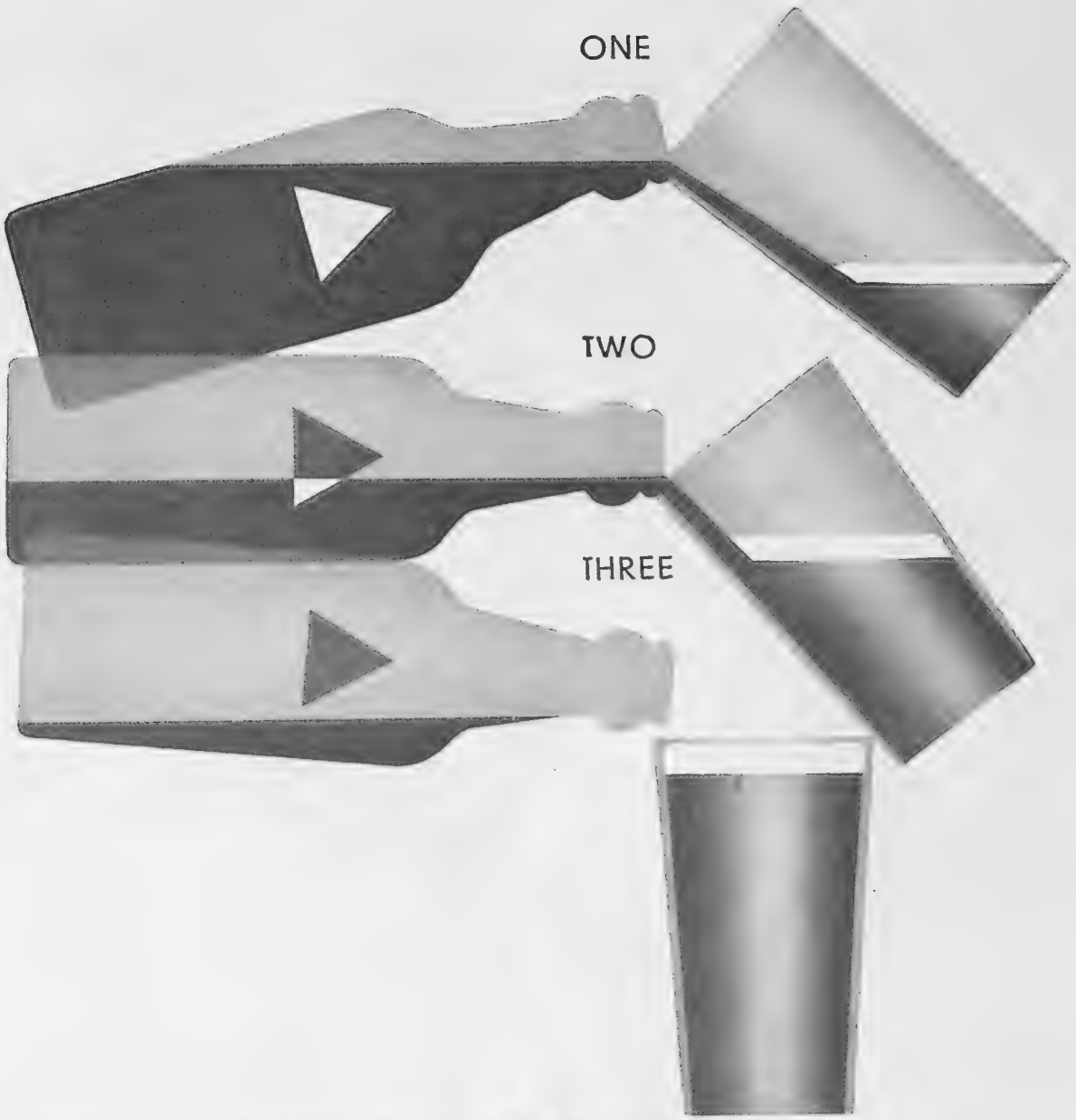

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FLYING NOTES

A GIANT OF THE AIR *Central Press*

A striking impression of the great fifteen-ton Beardmore "Inflexible" monoplane, the largest machine of its type in the world, which took part in the R.A.F. Display at Hendon. Some idea of its great size may be gathered from the aeroplane seen behind it

At the height of the season for the collection of "A" licences, when the clubs hope to get in a sufficient store to last until the end of the year, we hear a general complaint that Summer is not what it ought to be, and, for the sake of flying, Winter ought soon to be here. Apart from the additional hours of daylight, Summer brings little advantage to flying in this country; in fact, winter flying is often much more pleasant, with better visibility, and fewer bumps and potholes to harass the beginner. Nevertheless, flying in bad weather has a definite place in any scheme for advanced training. Towards the end of the War pilots were taught to fly in clouds, mist and rain, and there is no doubt that our supremacy in the air was due partly to their skill after being trained under the worst weather conditions in the world. The Yorkshire Club has revived another excellent practice to which great attention used to be paid: that of a forced landing competition, in which a pilot-instructor accompanies each pupil in the machine. With Captain Beck in the passenger's seat, Mr. Jack Ellison was the winner, pulling up within a few yards of the mark. Amongst the soloists to be seen flying at Stag Lane during the week-end were Lord Douglas Hamilton, Major K. M. Beaumont, who handles legal affairs for Imperial Airways, Mr. Art Fowler, and Mr. Will Hay, well known on the London stage, and Mr. N. J. Hulbert, who was the secretary of the Institute of Aeronautical Engineers before it amalgamated with the Royal Aeronautical Society.

The pioneers who taught themselves to fly gave instruction to others in turn, and there are many pilots flying to-day who had no more dual than an hour or two before being pushed into the ether to flip or flop. The London Club has decided that any ordinary member who fails to reach solo standard after fifteen hours' instruction shall cease to be an ordinary member, and this certainly gives even a dog a chance. Several new pupils have joined the De Havilland School at Stag Lane, including Lord Haddington and Sir Pyers Mostyn, the latter having flown as a passenger from Kenya recently in Lord Carbery's Fokker. The Cinque Ports Club reports soloist number four, Mr. Douglas, of the Guards' Depot, Canterbury, and it is expected that there will be two or three more by the time these Notes are in print. Owing to the exceptionally large number of entries for the Blackpool Air Pageant, it is regretted that no late entries can be accepted. The Avro "Avenger" will be flown by Flt.-Lt. Webster in the Open Handicap, and M. Marcel Doret, a famous French pilot, is another foreign entry for exhibition flying. As professional pilots are not allowed to take part in the Siddeley Trophy Tour, some interesting racing will be seen amongst purely amateur entries. Machines will be flying quite low enough round the control towers in some places for their racing numbers on the rudder to be read.

Sport and General

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Major Mario de Bernhardi, the famous Italian aviator, who holds the world's speed record. He is seen in the cockpit of the Moth which he flew at Stag Lane Aerodrome recently

Planet News

ANOTHER ATLANTIC ASPIRANT

Fräulein Thea Rasche, the German woman pilot who has planned an Atlantic flight. She proposes to fly from Newfoundland to Berlin

An international record for light 'planes has been set up by Major Vicherek, a Czecho-Slovakian test pilot, who flew for 20 hours over a closed circuit on an Avia low-winged monoplane fitted with a 60 h.p. Walter radial engine. This engine is fitted to the Dutch "Pander," which is the training machine of the Rotterdam Aero Club, and it is used extensively on the Continent and in the United States for small machines.

"Aerofilms," of Hendon, have moved into larger premises in Colindale Avenue owing to the expansion of their business. This flourishing offspring of the Aircraft

Operating Company can supply from stock thousands of aerial photographs of towns and beauty spots in this country and abroad. The birdseye view is of the greatest possible assistance in town planning and estate development, whilst advertising is provided with a new and powerful medium to sell the goods. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell made use of "Aerofilms" to map the country zoo near Tring, and was able to plan the general layout from vertical stereoscopic photographs. For the Civic Week in Liverpool last year an aerial photographic picture of Hooton Park Aerodrome was supplied to those coming for the Pageant by air, and one commends the idea to all clubs and to private individuals owning landing grounds. Besides being a useful guide to the location of an aerodrome from above, such views produce revenue and act as an advertisement.

At Mont Valerian, near Paris, is a powerful aerial beacon which was erected to attract trans-Atlantic pilots to the gay city, and now a New York church is to have a gigantic illuminated cross for a similar purpose. Regular night flying has been practised only in the United States and Germany, but it will be common everywhere in future. Much experimental work on the problems connected with aerial lighting has been carried out by Chance Brothers, of Birmingham, who have been marine lighthouse engineers for nearly a hundred years. A correspondent in *Flight* asked recently whether "air signs" for use by day were of any value. To a pilot doing a cross-country flight in bad weather the name of a railway station printed in large letters on its roof is of the greatest value for checking a course. When Messrs. Brock and Schlee made their trans-Atlantic flight last year, armed with a Michelin Guide map of England to identify this country, they didn't know where they were until a resident of South Devon wrote "Budleigh Salterton" on the sands with a walking-stick. All aerodromes and landing grounds should be marked by name with whitened stones let into the surface of the ground.

There is one record in the annals of flying which seems somehow or other to have escaped general recognition: that of a canary which was presented to Lady Cobham in Malta, and which completed the circuit of Africa with the "Singapore," surely the longest flight ever made by a canary.

C. E. WARD.

Sport and General

READY FOR ACTION

Two pilots, photographed at the R.A.F Display at Hendon, running, fully equipped, to their machines. The Air Station has reported that enemy are about, and the order for battle has been given, on which the pilots, wearing their parachutes, rush to their 'planes

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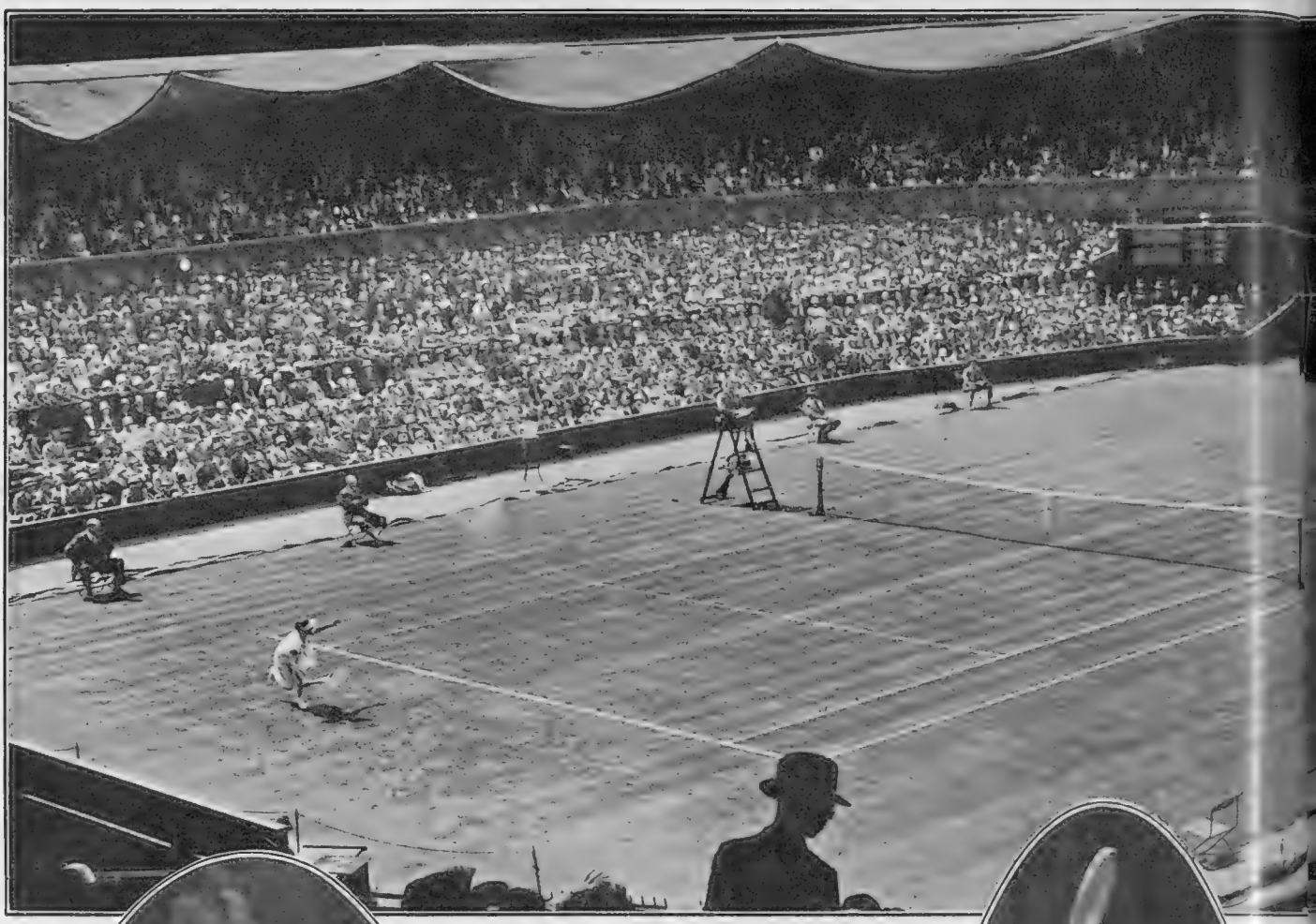


Express Photos

A general view of the Centre Court during the match between Miss Helen Wills and Miss Elsie Goldsack

I.B.

MISS D. GORDON

Keystone

MISS E. COLYER

Sport and General

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ

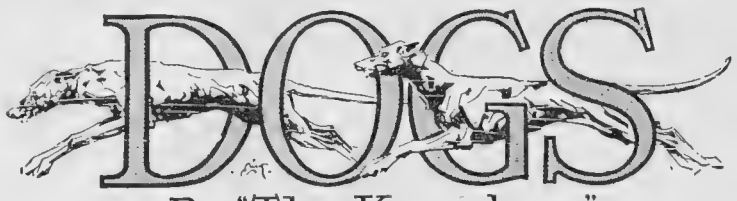
MLLE. K. BOUMAN *I.B.*

The Ladies in Play at Wimbledon

The Ladies' Singles provided brilliant play in the earlier stages, and some of the competitors are seen on these pages. Miss Gordon gained a first round win over Mlle. Sigart with a score of 11-9, 6-4, but lost to Miss Bickerton, of Australia, in the second round. Miss Colyer beat Miss P. Saunders in the first round and went on to beat Miss Joan Fry in the second. In the same round, Mlle. Bouman, of Holland, defeated Frau von Reznicek, the German player. Miss Helen Wills accounted for Miss Goldsack in the second round, both having drawn byes. "Half-way" impressions of the Championships by H. S. Scrivener will be found on pages 8 and 9

Photographs *L.N.A. and G.P.U.*

MISS ELSIE GOLDSACK (Inset above) MME. BORDES



By "The Kennelman"

THE Dogs and their breeders and students do quite a lot for the general public during this month of July. There's the Queen Mary's Hospital great Open Show at Stratford (E.15) to-day, Wednesday, with its 200 Classes, and a long list of special prizes, including a solid gold Rose-bowl presented by those generous universal providers for Dogs, Messrs. Spillers, Victoria Foods. The Lord Mayor is to open this big Show. On Saturday comes the Manchester Royal Infirmary Charity Dog Show, a lavishly staged affair. Messrs. Spillers are benching and feeding a good show at Eastbourne to-day, and, too, the great "Picnic Show" at Richmond next Tuesday.

A word, if you please, as to what the public can do for the Dogs. Holidays are good days for humans, but where vision is lacking they can be pretty puce and dismal for the Dogs. A pity, too, for what other quadruped can touch 'em for zestful appreciation of holiday-making and jaunts? Quarantine regulations make it impossible for them to share foreign holidays, but no matter where you are going, or what you mean to do there, between John o' Groats and Land's End, your Dogs would vote for going with you, every time, and will be the last of the party to grouse over incidental deprivations. Be sure of that. Admitting that it sometimes simply can't be done, however, it's up to you, before the bags are packed and tickets taken, to make very sure the canine members of the family are not to suffer penal servitude or solitary confinement in your absence. Think what loyal and affectionate pals they are! Nothing would induce them to condemn *you* to lonely boredom; to say nothing of such barbarities as chaining up, neglected water dishes, forgotten meals, or the like. Caretakers? H'm! Ye-es; but pray make very sure you can trust their attitude towards Dogs. The obliging neighbour? Well enough, perhaps, if your Dogs can go and live *with* him, and he's reasonably doggy. The local Vet.? Well, go and inspect the quarters provided first, and make sure about exercise, feeding, and grooming. There are some very good country boarding establishments for Dogs nowadays; and there's room for more, near every big city, where boarders will be really well and understandingly catered for—a pleasant and not unprofitable business.

The commonly seen advice that "a Dog does not require so much meat in hot weather" is risky and open to misinterpretation. The dog is as surely a carnivorous animal in summer as in winter. Like the rest of us, he can comfortably do with rather less *food* while leading a very inactive life than when getting plenty of exercise; but he needs animal food, and hard, jaw-exercising food at all times; and the advice for summer time that "well-boiled rice and stale brown bread mixed together in gravy can be recommended," is thoroughly bad, even if it comes with official backing. That is a meal suitable only for an invalid Dog, or a cat. Coming under the dangerous head of "slops," it makes surely for flatulent depression, bad teeth, bad breath, and the pallid tongue of poor canine health. Vary the biscuits, and give them a light re-baking occasionally; give crisp "Sippets" (they have wholesome fruits in them); be sure the flesh given is sound and fresh, cut in *thin* slivers; supply good, big bones to encourage gnawing; allow but one square meal and one very light snack in each twenty-four hours, with nothing whatever in between, save plenty of always available fresh water, renewed at least twice daily; give free exercise, and brushing, morning and evening, with a swim for a treat when possible. There are no hermits in the canine family; they all loathe solitary confinement.

Two of a KIND!

Two alert, bright-eyed dogs who owe their fine condition to

MELOX (CONCENTRATED) MEAL their morning feed, world famous for its building, vitalizing properties, and

MELOX MARVELS the small, crisp crunchy biscuits which dogs of all breeds welcome as an evening treat.

MELOX DOG FOODS

Keep pace with time—fly

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Telephone: Regent 7861
—or any Travel Agency.

C.F.H.

HEALTHY DOGS

A clean coat and skin is the best health insurance for dogs, especially the little fellows with long hair.

KEN-L-SOPE is the supreme soap for all dogs. It kills fleas and vermin, keeps hair smooth and silky, and is free from all poisons. Try it and see how much good it does. Made in bars and liquid form. Fine for shampoos, too. At best shops.

Made by the makers of Ken-L-Ration.

Per cake, 1/-. Shampoo, 6 oz. bottles 2/3.

CHAPPEL BROS., Ltd. (Dept. M), 28, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Ken-L-Sope

DOG MIXTURE In Bottles from 2/6

BENBOWS

THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP

2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON, E.C.1.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—

MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 13)

Specially drawn for the Proprietors of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" by Eric Fraser. *Copyright* 1928

ON THE PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER, 1884

The following appeared in an ENO advertisement in the Summer Number of the "Illustrated London News," 1885

One of Her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran: "December, 1884. To J. C. Eno, Esq. It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight the Persian courier* who accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called, 'Numuki meeveh,' which was no less in fact, translated, than Eno's "Fruit Salt." The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle. Yours faithfully, Sheikh Jam."

*(*Our modern artist has taken certain liberties with his subject!)*

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Painting the Lily

ALTHOUGH there were no genuine surprises in the Champion Cup up to the end of its semi-final round last week, the tournament provided a good deal of exhilarating polo, much of it, indeed, was worthy of the best traditions of the polo championship. It is rather like painting the lily to indulge in compliments to Captain "Pat" Roark, yet each of the games in which he took part in this tournament enhanced his reputation. He is certainly the finest player which British polo—I suppose I may include an Irishman in this category—has produced since the palmy days of Mr. Walter Buckmaster. Many things are in common between these two great players. Like the redoubtable "Buck," Captain Roark appears to possess an uncanny aptitude for knowing where the ball is going after the next stroke. He seldom allows himself to get flurried, and he gives one the impression of being always in the right place at the right time.

Question of Ponies

IT is almost incredible that a player of his exceptional capacity should have failed to come off in the first of the international matches last season. Everybody who saw that game is agreed that the young Irishman was a long way below his best form, though he did appreciably better in the second match. He is extremely fortunate in being able to ride some of the best ponies that money can buy. The pick of Mr. Sanford's wonderful stud is at his disposal, and I venture to suppose that he was not nearly so happy on the mounts which he had to ride at Meadow Brook, though those were also an exceptionally good lot. Captain Roark is the only player to-day who can reasonably be compared with Mr. Tommy Hitchcock for big hitting, great dash, and supreme intelligence in the game. I shall not be fortunate enough to see them opposed to each other in the American Open Championship in September, but I can well imagine that both will send the spectators at Meadow Brook into ecstasies of enthusiasm.

"Laddie"

MR. SANFORD played a notable part in the matches last week in which the Hurricanes comfortably prevailed. While it is true that he is mounted on superb cattle, I am bound to say he has improved wonderfully in his hitting. When he gets away with the ball it is not only extremely difficult to overhaul him but rare to find him making a bad stroke. He is marvellously well served by his No. 2, who time and time again sends the ball along to him with rare judgment of direction. I was glad to see Mr. Desmond Miller a member of the Hurricanes team last week. His presence in the side was due to the fact that Wing-Commander Wise considered it expedient to take a rest after his recent severe fall, which turned a considerable portion of his anatomy black and blue.

A Player of Promise

YOUNG Miller played so well that the absence of the hard-hitting Wing-Commander was not noticed to any great extent. In fact, Colonel "Ted" Miller's son showed himself in the Champion Cup to be a greatly improved player and one of genuine class. The experience of playing in such a team as the Hurricanes will be invaluable to him. It will make him perfectly familiar with the fastest type of polo that this country can produce, and is good training for a coming international player, which I venture to believe is the right description for Desmond. Major Jack Harrison was, as usual, a tower of strength in the Hurricanes defence. He had the bad luck in the semi-final on Wednesday to receive a terrific crash on the arm from the stick of another player. Everybody was agreed that it was a mercy his arm was not broken.

LUNCHING AT A RESTAURANT *DE LUXE* By HELEN McKIE

Our artist's impression of Lucullus, the restaurant of the Royal Palace Hotel, which during the recent Olympia Horse Show proved a popular rendezvous for the foreign officers who were competing. A new cocktail bar, called The Cherry Bar, is the latest addition to the Royal Palace Hotel, and is a masterpiece of luxury and artistic perfection, a particular feature being the wall panels of wood inlay, depicting lakes, mountains and trees. They have been designed by Oliver P. Bernard

The Future King of a Fighting Race

S. Afanasjev

Little Prince Petar, the Crown Prince of Serbia, indulging in that pursuit beloved of small boys the world over, "playing at soldiers." The photograph was taken during a holiday on the Dalmatian coast

Women also prefer them
Westminster
Cigarettes

CRICKET

NERVES IN CRICKET

By MAJOR THE HON. L H. TENNYSON

Why have nerves in cricket? After all, it will be the same a hundred years hence, whether one gets a hundred or a blob.

Cricket, though a glorious pastime, is only a game, and, apart from that, it is just as well to take nothing in the world too seriously.

These are excellent words of advice indeed, but it is a "monkey" to a mousetrap they will fall on barren ground. Human nature will remain what it is, in all probability, as long as cricket is played, and human beings, with the exception of a few cases, will remain emotional creatures and will continue to take things seriously and to show nerves.

It is not my intention in this article to plunge very deeply into the realms of psychology or to examine in every instance from what cause nerves arise. No doubt it sometimes happens that a man is so completely without imagination, that what may happen next minute is unable to agitate him.

I remember a story I heard which illustrates this point. Years ago, when the late W. G. Grace was at the height of his fame, and going in first for the Gentlemen *v.* Players, he was accompanied to the wicket by a youthful batsman of remarkable promise who had, I think, only just left school. Great as was the Champion's sang-froid, it was equalled, if not excelled, by that of his beardless partner, and someone observed: "I wonder that Charlie ——— doesn't feel nervous on an occasion like this!" The reply from the professional who had coached the youth at school and happened to be listening was, "Lor' bless you, sir, Mr. ——— hasn't got enough brain to be nervous!"

Still, to excel at cricket, as at other things, one cannot rely upon physical gifts alone, and a certain amount of brain is necessary. In fact, the world's greatest batsmen and most prolific scorers have very carefully cultivated their natural talents.

W. G. Grace himself always practised assiduously before the season began. Charles Fry practically made himself a batsman, and Ranjitsinhji never tried those wizard deflecting strokes of his until he had done them many times to his own satisfaction at the nets.

While, therefore, the ambition to excel and the artistic instinct remain part of the human mind, the fear of failure must remain too, and cricketers will continue to go to the crease more or less in a state of nerves. I remember a Test Match some time within the last ten years when I happened to be at the wicket with a very fine cricketer who had a wonderful natural eye and a mastery of many strokes in the game. I had just joined him, and he had made a few runs when I came in. I managed to survive the rest of the over bowled to me, and then went across to have a word with him while the field changed their places. To my intense surprise, his complexion looked like that of a cheddar cheese, and he was leaning heavily on his bat as if unable to stand without its support. His arms and legs were trembling, and he was really what they call "all of a doodah"! As I came up to him he groaned in a hoarse voice, "My God, I wish the ground would open and swallow me up." I endeavoured to console him with a few aphorisms such as those I have written at the beginning of the article, but it was no good, the occasion was too much for him, and the very next straight ball sent him on his way back to the pavilion.

May I tell another story? Some years ago, Cambridge University had a pair of very fine fast bowlers, but they did not get their reward because there seemed to be a dearth of slip fielders at the time. Something had to be done about it, so the Captain of the eleven, after assidiously watching various college games, picked on a recruit who, though by no means a first-class batsman, had a pair of wonderful hands at short slip. The Captain's judgment was justified, and the new short slip performed brilliantly in the remainder of the trial games; the fast bowlers carried everything before them.

Then came the great occasion, the Varsity match, in which this combination of a great fieldsman and excellent bowlers should, it was confidently felt, put another victory to the score of the Light Blues. Alas! the boy's temperament was unequal to the hour. He not only made a pair, but put six catches on the floor, and the fast bowlers in consequence lost their length and became ineffectual. So great was the reaction on this unfortunate young cricketer's mind that when the match was over he disappeared from cricket for ever. I know this to be true, as I met him the other day and he told me he had never touched a bat since.

I remember a case of a bowler in an important match who was utterly unable to complete his run to the wicket and kept tripping and stumbling over his own feet before he got to the crease. He could not get the ball anywhere near the wicket, and bowled an interminable succession of wides. At last, so as to get the over finished somehow, he just stood at the wicket and rolled the ball along underhand.

Although I do not want to seem unsympathetic to people who suffer from nerves, I feel sure that no reasonable man should ever allow himself to get into a state where such occurrences as I have described become possible.

Providence has given us a mind and a will, and these should not be allowed to rust. When bad luck happens at cricket, and you get out in your first over two or three matches running, or put three catches on the floor in succession, remember that many better cricketers than yourself have had the same experience. If you stick to it your luck will turn. And if not, well, as I wrote above, it will all be the same a hundred years hence.

THE COMBINED TEAMS *Sport and General*

The England and West Indies teams photographed together on the occasion of the first Test Match at Lord's. England won comfortably by an innings and 58 runs

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

IF you were to undertake some official tour in America, what car would you take over? An interesting question. The Americans know a very great deal about motor cars, and for the honour of my native country, if I were going, I should have to be in something that they practically cannot make themselves; some car that would make them open their eyes and close their mouths for a change. The Rolls-Royce they do make. The Austin Seven they are about to undertake. The Morris-Cowley they have admitted they cannot make, but only because of its low price. No, my choice would be the car I have at present, one of the two larger models of the Humber.

***

THIS Humber is a 14-40 h.p. four-cylinder, and I should be quite content to take that. Here are three things to which our good cousins are almost strangers: a four-cylinder engine that is nearly as smooth and well-balanced and silent as a six; a standard of finish, external and internal, that they would probably smile at because they would not understand it; and an all-weather touring body the like of which they have certainly never seen in that country. It is the latter that I find so delightful in this climate. Examine it, all ye who like a blow of honest fresh air and the blue vault of heaven above, yet love, withal, the things that make for real comfort, even luxury.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MOTORING

An instance of the difficulties of travel in the Highlands in pre-war days is graphically given in this picture of an old Scottish ferry. The photograph was sent in by Mr. J. A. Mackle, Managing Director of Stratton-Instone, Limited

***

A GOOD story comes from the Singer Works in Coventry, where they have lately taken up a scheme of posters carrying epigrams calculated to make the men use their brains and imagination. They are all the thoughts of one "Bill Jones," a fictitious character, of course; and the series started by a very striking poster bearing the question, "Do you know Bill Jones?" Now in one of the departments there happened to be a man of that name, a capable and popular worker, yet human withal. The posters appeared one Saturday, and he, thinking he was "wanted" by the management for something or other, got the wind up and failed to turn up on Monday! It was not until the Tuesday morning, when the first of the slogans came out, that it was seen his fears had been groundless. Here are some of the epigrams: "Thought is essential to business; the thinker wins." "When promotion time comes, dependable workers get the preference. "Covering up mistakes is like trying to sink a cork." "Punctuality removes the need for thinking out excuses." And very sound, too!

***

AS a nation we must be tired of being told that we are mollycoddles. It is to be doubted whether there is much truth

A Wonderful Record of consistency

TOURIST TROPHY RACES

For the past four years the First, Second and Third in every race have used

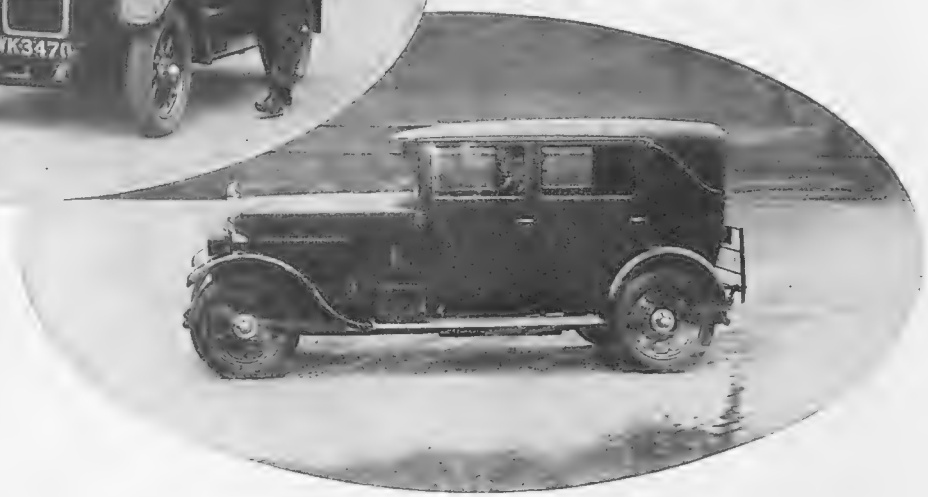
WAKEFIELD CASTROL

Performance and reliability are as important to you in everyday motoring as to those who race; so insist on Wakefield CASTROL, the product of an All-British Firm.

WAKEFIELD Castrol Regd. MOTOR OIL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & Co. Ltd., WAKEFIELD HOUSE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2.

From walking pace to *more than a* mile a minute



The photographs were taken during a recent official demonstration of the Two-litre Six-cylinder Rover car, which is seen (above) driverless, rolling along on top gear at walking pace, and (on right) travelling at over 60 m.p.h.

THE TWO LITRE SIX-CYLINDER ROVER SALOON £425

This fine car has an engine of exceptional smoothness and silence. The annual tax is £16, but there is over 45 h.p. available. The equipment is lavish, and the finish of the whole car is superb. The Saloon at £425 is fitted with a genuine Weymann body, lastingly silent and very durable.

Remarkable engine flexibility an outstanding point

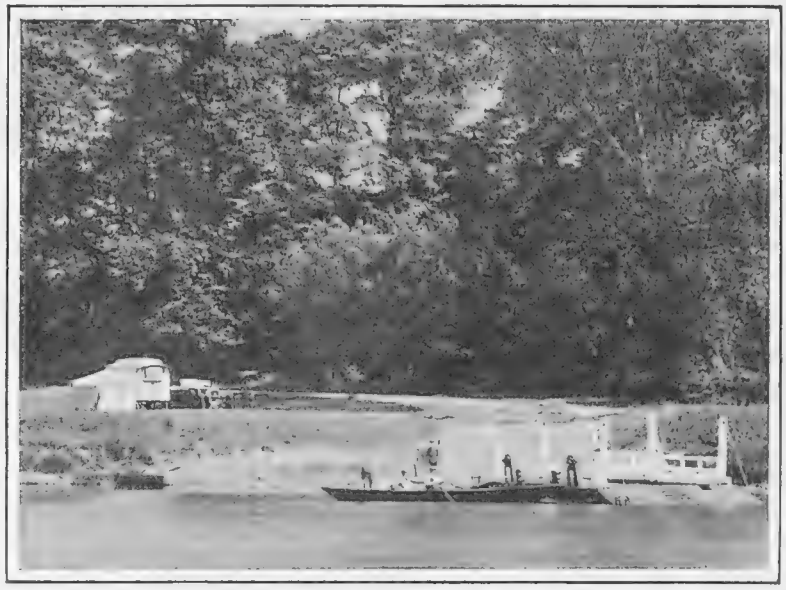
—yet it is only one of the many super-excellent features of the Two-litre Six-cylinder Rover. Power there is and to spare, as we proved by towing another saloon car up a 1 in 4 hill. And the car does everything you ask of it with such cheery refinement. No wonder people are saying that this is the *successful* "six". It certainly is the car that's worth 50% more than it costs. You should get fuller particulars *—now!* Or we will gladly arrange a trial run without obligating you in any way.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED
COVENTRY & 61 NEW BOND ST., W.1

in the assertion, at any rate as applied to motorists and their holiday habits. For if it has done nothing else, the everlasting hotel problem and the difficulty of finding suitable accommodation at reasonable prices has latterly forced many of us to return "nearer to nature." A caravan supplies the happy medium between the rigours of camp life proper and the luxury (with consequent expense) of hotels, and the art of the caravan designer and manufacturer is rapidly bringing in even more luxury.

***

I WENT, recently, round the works of the Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd., at Hazelwell Lane, in Stirchley, near Birmingham, and was astonished at the comfort of some of their latest productions. This concern makes standard caravans of all shapes and sizes at very moderate prices. For instance, there is one to accommodate two people under simple but comfortable conditions at £75. But, of course, the most attractive models are those at £175 and upwards, while best of all are those which are specially made for the individual. In this case the whims and fancies of the purchaser, modified by the long practical experience of the Eccles people, combine to produce a vehicle that should be as near perfection as is obtainable in these days. Thus the Eccles concern is doing its best to make us an A1 instead of a C3 nation. Although they make saloon caravans to fit on motor chassis, *e.g.*, lorries, I think they will agree with me in recommending the trailer as being the most efficient solution of the caravan question. One can obtain a very large size of trailer, for instance, their largest standard size is 17 feet and costs £335. Apart from that, the car that hauls it is released for other duties as soon as the camping spot is reached. When the body is mounted on a lorry the lorry chassis is confined to mere touring from place to place; it cannot be put to any other use, although tax and insurance have to be paid on it, and it depreciates as rapidly as it would if used every day.



"THE CARAVANNERS"—NEW STYLE

An Eccles trailer caravan in an ideal setting. This type of caravan is gaining rapidly in popularity as the means of spending comfortable and health-giving holidays touring about the country

***

THE third edition of the "Dunlop Book," published by E. J. Burrow & Co., Ltd., of Cheltenham, at 5s., is in a more handy size than formerly, and now contains a splendid set of touring maps of Britain. Up-to-date street plans of the larger centres are provided, and under each name is given the distance from London, population, speed limits, market days, features of interest, parking places, golf courses, etc. Practical hints on tyre maintenance are added.

E. M. WRIGHT.

A HOT FAVOURITE

The comfort and performance of a big car—but the price and running costs of a small one—that's what the Whippet offers you. Proved and tested by 100,000 enthusiastic owners, it has definitely established itself as a hot favourite in the light car field. Write to-day for the Whippet Folder.

4-Cylinder Models.

2-Door Saloon - £210
4-Door Saloon - £220
Sports Roadster - £230

6-Cylinder Models.

4-Door Saloon - £240
2-Door Saloon - £230

Overland Whippet

Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd.
Heaton Chapel, Stockport.
London Showrooms: 151, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

THE REASON FOR THE GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND FOR

SPEEDOLENE

THE OIL OF OILS

IS BECAUSE MOTORISTS REALISE ITS EXCELLENCE AS AN ALL-SEASON OIL

SILVERTOWN LUBRICANTS LTD., Minoco Wharf, London, E.16

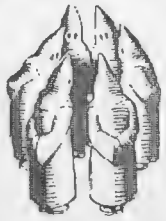
Costs less than any other fine six

The Wolseley "Six" costs less than any other fine car because the manufacturers are in a position to put more into it for the money than other manufacturers of class cars. In the Wolseley "Six" you get performance and comfort as well as smart lines, and you get the greatest value that has ever been offered in a six-cylinder car. *Trial run arranged. Catalogue upon application.*

WOLSELEY

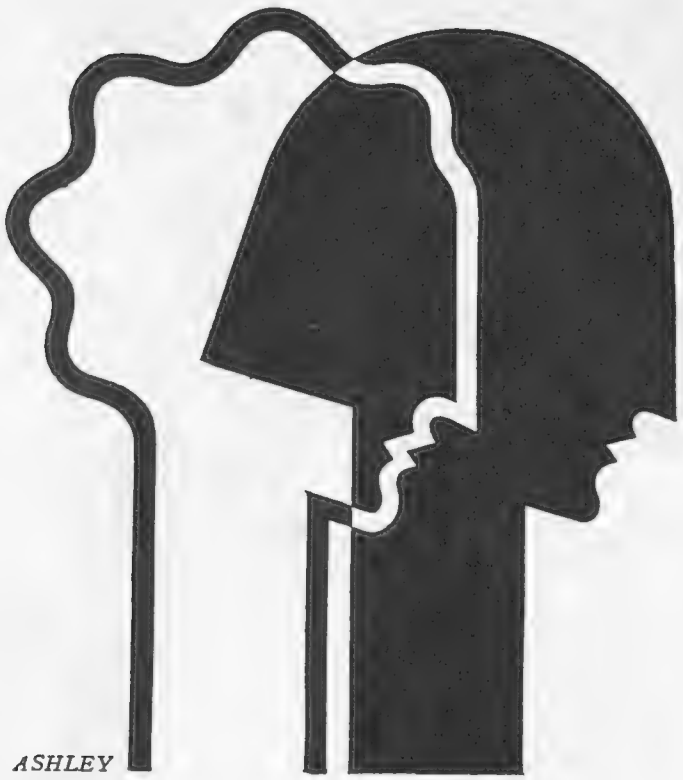
16/45 H.P.
Six-Cylinder Model

Touring Car	£450
Two-seater	£450
Saloon	£495

Silent  Six

Wolseley Motors (1927) Ltd.
Birmingham: Drews Lane, Ward End.
London: Manor St., Chelsea, S.W.

A FASCINATING BOOK ABOUT YOUR HAIR SENT FREE!



ASHLEY

To realise what a wonderful advance in permanent waving has been brought about by the Nestlé Radion Wave, you should see a delightful new book called "The Nestlé Way to Rippling Beauty." There you will see different types of heads each waved in its own attractive way; different arrangements of the same wave. Hair treated the Radion way is so silky and so supple that the waves set at a touch of the comb. The book tells you how to keep them always at their loveliest by means of the new Radion Shampoo and Setting Lotion. Send a card to-day for your free copy to (Dept. RB.27) C. Nestlé & Co., Ltd., 48 South Molton Street, London, W.1.

NESTLÉ RADION WAVE

MORE LASTING MORE NATURAL EASIER TO SET

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Foresight Rewarded

SHOPPING for the holidays is always an engrossing occupation, and never more so than now, when the sales are in full swing and really remarkable bargains are to be secured. Really valuable concessions are being made everywhere, and so, with great enthusiasm, the thrilling search commences . . .

For Mothers and Children

NO holiday trunk should be packed without a tea gown being included. The one illustrated on this page is of Nottingham lace and georgette in soft pinks or blues and it costs—amazing though it seems—only £5 5*s*. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., whose sale is now proceeding. Each of their departments seems to be full of most attractive bargains.

At the Sea—and In Town

A SALE at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, always causes a flutter of pleasurable interest, for in every department prices are reduced. Day and evening gowns are among the special offers, as are many items in the Lingerie and Millinery Departments. Sketched (centre) is a woollen one-piece sea suit, with skirt attached. It costs 10*s*. 11*d*. The wrap is of Terry towelling in many pleasing colours (19*s*. 11*d*.) The becoming cap costs 1*s*. 7½*d*., and the rubber shoes 3*s*. 4*d*.

A Famous Treasure Trove

FROM July 2 until the 31st all those who appreciate sensational bargains will flock to Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road. The seated figure at the foot of this page is wearing a Celanese Locknit embroidered vest (8*s*. 11*d*.) and Directoire knickers (13*s*. 6*d*.). Then there are spun silk stockings for 3*s*. 6*d*. a pair and all silk stockings at 6*s*. 11*d*. Amazing offers are being made in dresses and coats, and, indeed, in every other department.

She who goes down to the sea clad thus will be admirably and enviably equipped. This fascinating outfit comes from D. H. Evans, Oxford St.
Sketches by Clyte

Nottingham lace and georgette in a delicate pink shade make this tea gown from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The graceful frock is sleeveless

Irresistible Attractions

FROM Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, comes the nightdress on the extreme right. It is of pure silk schappe, with an ecru needle-run lace yoke, and during the sale, which is now proceeding, it costs only 21*s*. Then there are excellent between-seasons coats for 5½ guineas, as well as a host of other attractions.

Furs at Summer Prices

EVERYBODY knows that the best time to buy furs is in the summer. Wherefore women will eagerly repair to Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W., whose sale is now proceeding. Illustrated above is a luxurious squirrel coat made from very pale, perfectly clear skins. It has been priced at 135 guineas, but is now astoundingly offered at 95 guineas. Similar reductions prevail in other things.

A luxurious and perfectly matched squirrel coat from Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W., which is extremely attractive, both in appearance and in price

Celanese Locknit fabric makes the vest and knickers from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road. The Schappe nightdress comes from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge

An original and charming jumper suit from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is of soft crêpe suède in lovely colours

Not to be Missed

A visit to Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., is always a very pleasurable event, and now, when their sale is proceeding, it becomes more exciting than ever. Illustrated on the left of this page is a delightful little jumper suit which would be a great acquisition for a summer holiday. It is of *crêpe suède* in various lovely colours. The novel oval corsage is worthy of note. It costs merely 6½ guineas. Many bargains are to be secured in the Tea Gown and Lingerie Departments, while especially high grade washable French chamois leather gloves in white and cream, which have been reduced from 13*s.* 9*d.* to 5*s.* 11*d.*, as well as gauntlet gloves with elastic at the wrists for the same price, are a most attractive proposition.

A Perpetual Necessity

In our variable climate furs are a necessity all the year round, and such bargains as are at present to be found at the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, where everything has been reduced 25 per cent. off the usual winter prices, must appeal to all women. In the centre of this page is a three-skin straight scarf stole of Russian shaded marten, complete with natural paws and tails. Its original price was 22 guineas, and it has now been reduced to 16 guineas.

Pale grey wool makes this suit, the cardigan being checked in blue, amber, and red. It comes from Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh

Furs are a perpetual, but very becoming, necessity. This three-skin Russian marten stole comes from The City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard

For Sports Wear

Scotland is the home of woollies, so it is indeed good news that Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, are having a sale which starts on July 2 and lasts until the 14th. Illustrated above is a very smart pale grey wool cardigan, checked in blue, amber, and red. It has a plain wool skirt, and the sale price of this practical outfit is only 39*s.* 6*d.* Very special offers are being made in all departments during this period.

Hand-made Dresses

Everybody should call at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., whose sale commences on July 2. Illustrated on this page is a dress of printed cotton voile, in a variety of attractive shades. It is beautifully made, and it costs only 17*s.* 9*d.* In the Lingerie Department, also, many very attractive bargains are to be found.

Coats for All Occasions

At Woollands, of Knightsbridge, every woman will find things she has wanted at prices which seem almost ridiculously low. Their sale commences on July 2, and continues throughout July. The coat sketched on this page is of suiting in soft neutral shades, and is excellently tailored, with a slightly waisted effect. It costs only 4½ guineas. In the Gown and Millinery Departments splendid offers are being made, while the Household Department contains much that is of interest to all home lovers.

A pretty dress of printed cotton voile from Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street. And a trim coat of suiting from Woollands, of Knightsbridge

Sketches by Clyte

You are one of the many for whom science created Ciro Pearls

Perhaps you are wearing ordinary imitation pearls, fondly imagining they pass as real. Your best friend will hesitate to, and your worst enemy certainly will not disillusion you. If you are unwilling to indulge in the extravagance of owning real Oriental pearls, you are one of the many for whom Science created

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On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with gold clasp, which you cannot distinguish from real pearls. Wear it for a fortnight and if it does not give entire satisfaction we will refund your money in full.

CIRO PEARLS LTD

And our own Showrooms at
EDINBURGH Jenners Princes Street
DUBLIN Switzers Grafton Street
BRISTOL
J. F. Taylor & Son, Ltd. College Green

The photograph above is of Miss Mercia Swinburne wearing her wondrous Ciro Pearls

The "Multifit" folding hat of Visca straw will be a holiday joy. It comes from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.

Holiday Hats and Bags

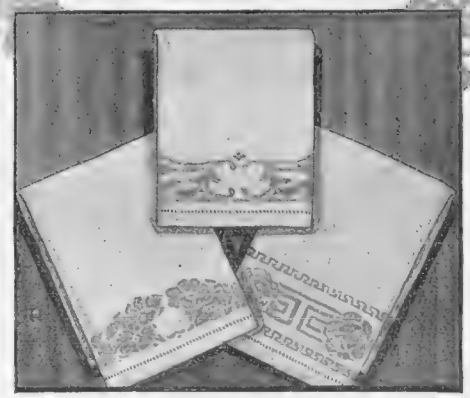
IT is to the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, that all who pride themselves on careful shopping must wend their way between July 2 and 14, when their sale will be proceeding. Sketched above is the "Multifit," a useful folding hat of Visca straw, which is also available in felt. The sale price is 18*s.* 11*d.* Real bargains are to be obtained in every department.

Household Linen Offers

ALL intelligent women replenish their linen cupboards at the sales. Therefore, during July they will certainly visit Walpole Bros., 89-90, New Bond Street, W. Illustrated below are some pure Irish linen huckaback face towels, hemstitched, and with damask borders, which are being offered at 18*s.* 9*d.* for six. Splendid bargains are to be secured in every department.

Wonderful Dressing Gowns

IT is difficult to believe that the pretty cotton *crêpe* dressing-gown sketched on this page costs only 3*s.* 11*d.* Nevertheless this is its price during the sale which is now proceeding at Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, and it is also available in light ripple cloth with a stockinette back. Other astounding offers are to be found in each department.



Irish linen huckaback face towels, hemstitched, and with damask borders, are great bargains from Walpole Bros., New Bond Street

A cool and space-saving dressing gown of cotton crêpe which comes from Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow

Sketches by Clyte

An Apology

IT is very much regretted that through a misunderstanding 7½ guineas was given as the price of the two-piece *negligée* from Madame James, 5, Old Burlington Street, W., sketched in THE BYSTANDER of June 6, 1928. It should have been stated that the wrap-gown costs 7½ guineas and the slip 3½ guineas.

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COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES comprising large Wardrobe, Dressing Chest, Washing Stand, &c., of very uncommon design in solid oak, from **10 Guineas.**

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They are fine, lustrous, and will give enduring service.

PRICES.
Ladies': 6½d., 9½d., 1/- and 1/6 each.
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The MENU

SALADS AND OMELETTES

Salad of Broad Beans.
Stuffed Cucumber.
Strawberry Salad.
Spinach Omelette.
Tomato Omelette.

Salad of Broad Beans

Shell some broad beans, boil them until they are tender, but not cooked too much; place them in cold water and then take off their skins. For the dressing use one spoonful of vinegar to two spoonfuls of salad oil, add a tablespoonful of mayonnaise, chopped cervil and tarragon, then mix the beans well with a fork, and keep in a cool place until ready to serve. Very good with cold chicken.

Stuffed Cucumber

Peel a well-shaped cucumber, cut it in halves lengthways, and stuff it with minced chicken and ham mixed with a white sauce, chopped parsley, and one or two mushrooms. Put the two halves together, tie with tape, and braise until the cucumber is tender—about 30 minutes. A *purée* of green peas or broad beans, chopped hard-boiled eggs, mixed with parsley sauce, also makes a good stuffing, and cucumbers treated in this way make a delicious *entrée*.

Strawberry Salad

Cut slices of a pineapple, or the tinned pineapple chunks. Lay them in a glass bowl with alternate layers of strawberries. Mix the strained juice of three lemons and two oranges, and sweeten to taste. Pour over the fruit and keep on ice until it is to be served. Whipped cream added just before serving is an improvement.

Spinach Omelette

Make a small *purée* of spinach, take two tablespoonfuls of it and stir it into four eggs which have been previously beaten, yolks and whites separately; add a tiny piece of onion, chopped very small, and a little salt and pepper. When thoroughly mixed put the whole into an omelette-pan with 2 oz. of butter, fry a golden brown, and serve very hot.

Tomato Omelette

Peel and mince very fine four tomatoes. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little milk till it is quite smooth, stir into it three beaten eggs, a little salt, a dust of cayenne, the tomatoes, and half a minced shallot. Fry the omelette in butter in the usual way, and serve at once very hot.

EMILIA.

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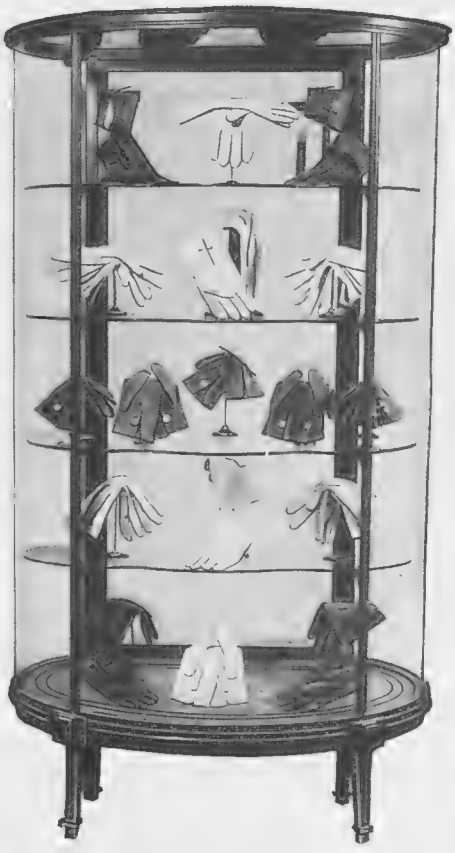

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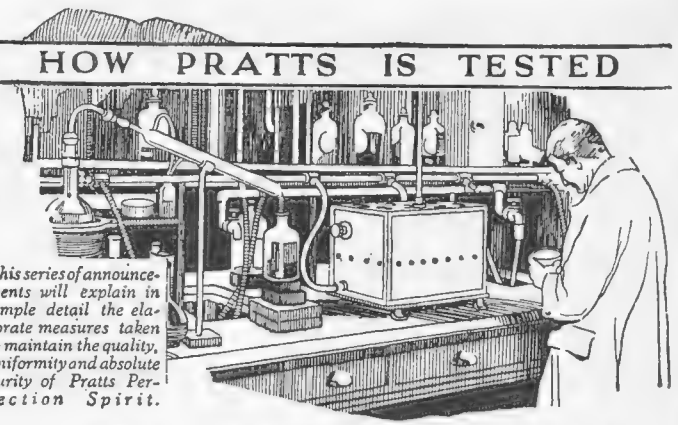

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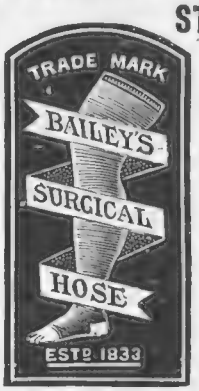

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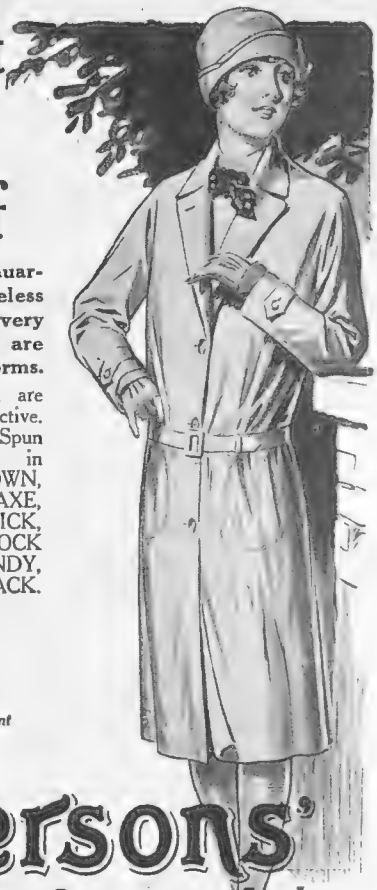

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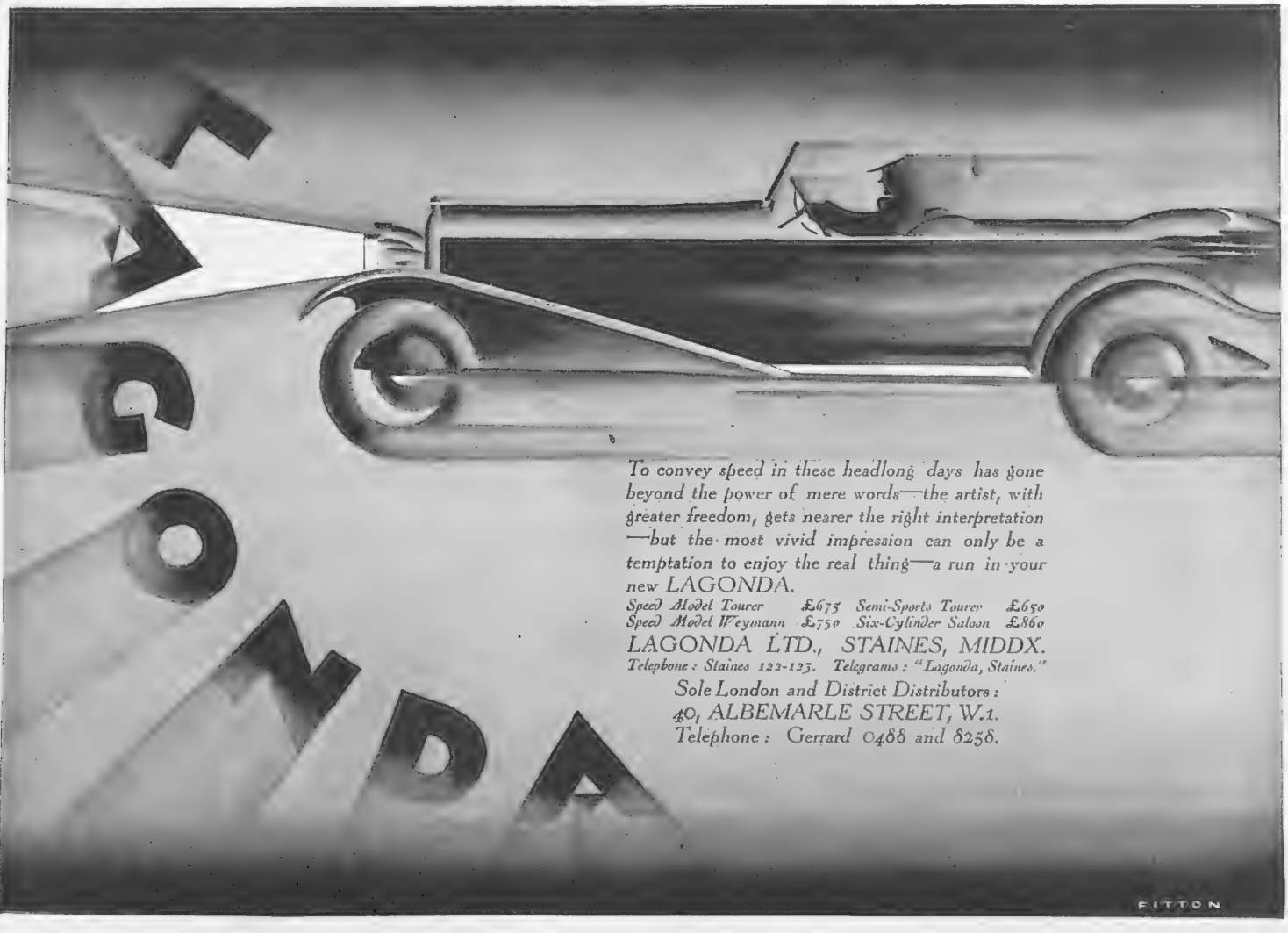

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POPE.

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Act well your part; there all the honour lies."**

—ESSAY ON MAN.

In these lines Pope forcibly points out that every man, no matter what his condition in life, has his own duties to perform, and in their proper performance lies all the honour. Among the duties that are common to every man is that of making adequate provision for his dependants and himself in old age, and the best and easiest method of doing this is by means of a good Endowment Assurance Policy.

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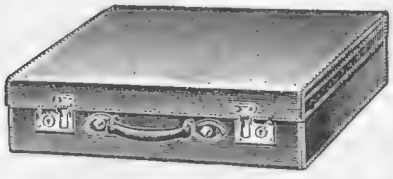
1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

Two Weeks SALE at D·H·EVANS

Begins Monday Next July 9th.

NO long introductory paragraphs are necessary in connection with the Summer Sale at D. H. Evans. Regular customers know why, but to those who have never experienced the advantages of a D. H. Evans Sale it is sufficient to state that it is GENUINE. All regular goods throughout every department (with the exception of a few fixed-price proprietary articles) are reduced in price. Be sure and make a personal visit, the earlier the better, as the sale is for two weeks only.

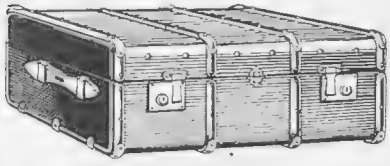
Travel Goods at Sale Prices



44/3B. REAL LEATHER SUIT CASES.

Strong and light, made on covered steel frame, lined striped cotton material; two brass locks and leather handle. Two sizes only. Depth 5½ in.

22 in. .. **19/6** 24 in. .. **21 6**



44/1B. EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG CABIN TRUNK.

Suitable for foreign travelling, made on extra stout compressed fibre foundation; steel frame, leather welted and brass bumpers each end, four light wood hoops right round. Covered brown canvas, two solid brass lever locks and one centre clip, leather back-joint and two patent metal hinges. Lined plain drill with webbing straps in body and tray.

	Sale Price.		Sale Price.
28 in. ..	**57/6**	30 in. ..	**62/6**
33 in. ..	**69/6**	36 in. ..	**72/6**

44/2B. THE LIGHT-WEIGHT ROUND HAT BAG.

Well made and finished in black, grained enamelled cloth, or with coloured piping. Soft top and stiffened sides, loop handle, three safety clips, lined fancy coloured poplin with pocket inside.

Depth.	Sale Price.
12 in. ..	**7/6**
14 in. ..	**8/9**
16 in. ..	**9/11**
18 in. ..	**10/6**

In Blue, Brown, Green or Red.

8/6 9/6 10/6 11/6

No. 46/10B. WOOLLEN BATHING COSTUME.

One piece garment with skirt attached. In Saxe, Orange, Cerise, or Jade.

Small Ladies, **10/11**

TURKISH TOWELLING WRAP.

In various colours **19/11**

FANCY RUBBER CAP.

In various colours **1/7½**

CREPE RUBBER SHOES.

In various colours **3/4½**

No. 42/5B. PRACTICAL DRESSING GOWN.

In fine flannel. Full fitting. Colours: Rose, Lilac, Saxe, and Red.

21/- Post Free.

No. 42/4B. PRINTED ARTIFICIAL SILK BOUDOIR WRAP.

In a variety of good colourings. Easily packed for travelling.

Sale Price .. **17/6**

REMNANT DAYS
FRIDAYS, July 13th—20th.

No. 46/11B. WOOLLEN BATHING COSTUME.

In the heavy Elastic Wool. One piece garment with skirt attached. Navy/Orange/White, Navy/Red/White, Black/Saxe/Red.

	Sale Price.
Small Ladies ..	**23/6**
Ladies ..	**24/6**

Similar style in Wool, without skirt. White combinations, with Black or Navy knickers.

Small Ladies ..	**13/6**
Ladies ..	**14/6**

FANCY RUBBER CAP.

In various colours **2/9½**

RUBBER SHOES.

In various colours **3/4½**

D. H. EVANS & CO., LTD., OXFORD STREET, W.1. :: TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR, 6240

Good Bye To Superfluous Hair!

DON'T let disfiguring growths of superfluous hair destroy your charm and daintiness. A tube of Veet will free you from embarrassment and all necessity for being guarded in your movements. This smooth, velvety toilet cream removes hair as if by magic. Unlike razors, it does not cause the hair to grow faster and thicker. You simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the skin is left beautifully smooth without a trace of hair. 1/6 and 3/- at chemists, hairdressers and stores. A trial size tube sent in plain wrapper for 6d. in stamps by Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 497R), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

VEET

REMOVES HAIR 3/- & 1/6 EVERYWHERE

£1150 IN PRIZES for Needlewomen

1ST PRIZE £250
2ND PRIZE £100
3RD PRIZE £50
50 PRIZES OF £5
500 PRIZES OF £1

You can capitalise your needlecraft, can produce exquisitely dainty lingerie, and at the same time, by observing simple conditions qualify for substantial cash prizes offered by Horrockses.

Horrockses ask you to make up a set of underwear comprising any TWO of the following garments:

1 CAMI-KNICKER, CAMI-BOCKER, OR CAMISOLE AND KNICKERS.
2 NIGHTDRESS or PYJAMAS.
3 PRINCESS PETTICOAT.
4 BOUDOIR CAP.

and to send it on or before July 31st, to The Ladies' Needlework Committee, Shurdington, Cheltenham, Glos., where it will be judged by an impartial Committee of Needlework Teachers and Examiners.

CONDITIONS.

To qualify for one of the prizes you must make the garments from Horrockses "Nymphalene" and stitch to your entry an invoice from the retailer who sells you the material, giving plain evidence of the purchase of Horrockses "Nymphalene," together with your name and address.

The decision of the judges will be final and legally binding and acceptance of their ruling will be an express condition of entry.

The garments awarded the first three prizes will become the property of Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Ltd. All others will be returned to the competitors. Preference will be given by the judges to all hand-worked garments.

Competition closes July 31st 1928

Horrockses "NYMPHALENE" is a nymph-like cotton material produced in fifty delightful pastel shades and figured designs—all guaranteed fast colours. Although it is almost fragile in looks it has unbelievable strength and will wash and wear almost endlessly. "Nymphalene" is usually sold at 1/11½d. per yard.

Ask your Draper to shew you the wonderful range of patterns.

Horrockses Regd.
NYMPHALENE

Made by the Makers of the World-famous Longcloth

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD - PRESTON, MANCHESTER AND LONDON
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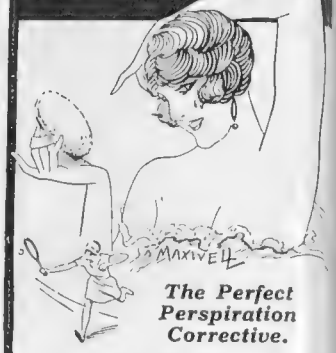
Easy to use as a Powder Puff



The Perfect Perspiration Corrective.

DAINTINESS, that first essential of personal attraction and charm, does not admit of the slightest taint of perspiration; therefore, a daily measure of safeguard is necessary.

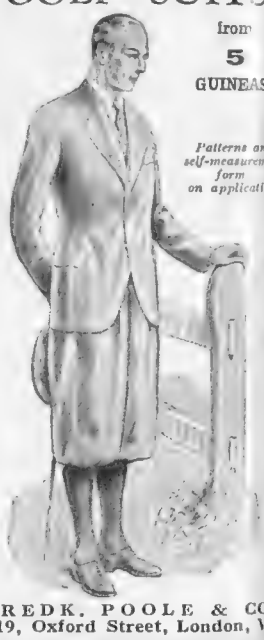
MARSANTA
Anti-Perspiration
POWDER

is the safeguard which instantly removes all body odours and, used at the morning toilet, preserves your daintiness throughout the day. Guaranteed harmless, and will not stain or injure the most delicate garments. Boxes 1/3, 2/9 and 4/9, rose-scented or plain. Also in clear liquid form, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6 per bottle. Obtainable at Boots branches, leading London Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, from

MARSHALL & CO.
70a, Basinghall St., E.C.2.

GOLF SUITS

from 5 GUINEAS.



Patterns and self-measurement form on application.

FREDK. POOLE & CO.,
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Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 or direct:—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

Two Steeples
No. 83 Quality
SOCKS
From all good Hosiers

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-
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WIESBADEN

Germany's greatest Medical Baths. Notable performances in the Kurhaus and State Theatres.
WORLD FAMOUS THERMAL SALT SPRINGS AT 150°. CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, nervous and metabolic diseases, diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs. Station of Rhine Steamers at Wiesbaden-Biebrich.

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An attractive two-coloured Fur Felt Hat. Extremely light in weight and can be rolled for packing.

Price 42/-

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1 Old Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

'TRIDENT'
SALMON & SHRIMP
PASTE

Guaranteed purity: perfect smoothness: enchanting flavour—try 'Trident.'

Maconochies make it. *Good grocers sell it.*

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Established 1766

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UNEQUALLED VALUES

in the

Ladies' Outfitting Dept.

Unparalleled Offer!

250 Sets of LINGERIE in fine quality Coloured Opaline Lawn

THESE charming garments are remarkable for their great value, being hand-made, trimmed dainty Beige lace. Colours: Mauve, Pink, Sky, Apple.

SALE PRICES

Knickers	each	8/11
Chemise	,,	8/11
Nightdress	,,	12/11

Set Complete

25/9

A saving of 5/- by purchasing the 3 garments.

Sale Catalogue will be sent post free on request.

We Pay Carriage and C.O.D. fees within the British Isles.

BO 249

Ivory Japanese Silk Princess Skirts: heavy quality, 12/6

Shampoo Yourself With Cuticura Soap

Anoint the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. A healthy scalp usually means good hair.

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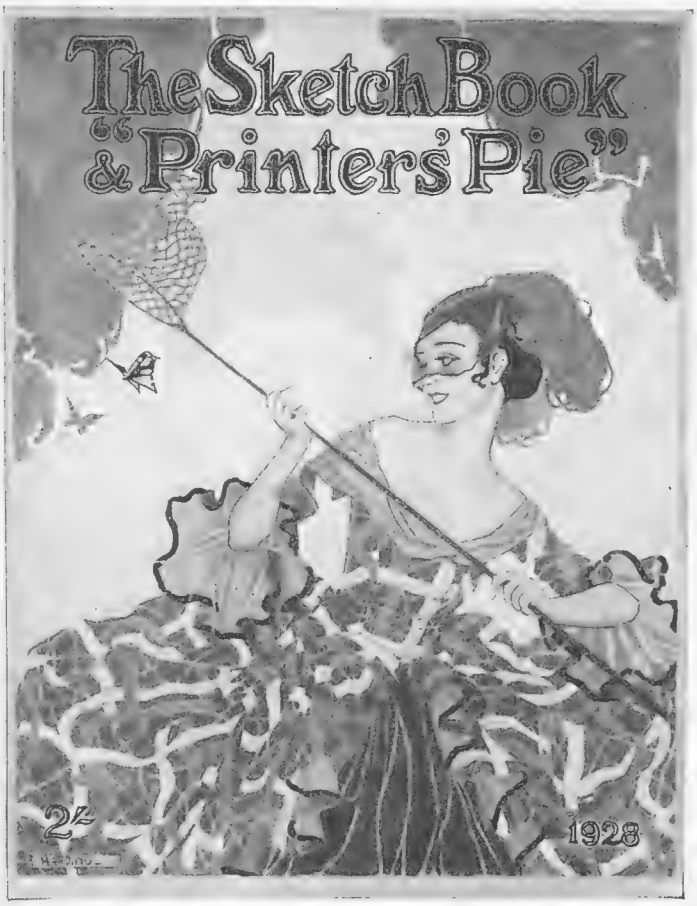

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Direct from Manufacturer to wearer. Best Scotch Wool. Knitted to match customers' suits from **11/6.** Re-foot like new. Patterns & List free.

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To-day and Daily.

No. 7

No 8.

No inferior goods purchased for Sale Purposes. Only Woollands quality goods at Sale Prices.

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We shall offer during the Sale many designs of this useful and popular Crepe all at one price. The designs comprise tiny checks, pin stripes, multi-coloured pin stripes, also the plain shades in the same tone. These are of British manufacture and are our regular stock designs. 31 inches wide.

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Sale price **8/11**

PURE SILK HOSE

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In broken series of fashionable Evening and Day shades.

These Stockings are made of beautiful fine Silk and are perfect fitting.

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Every mod. comfort. Prop. ROBT. M. VERHELST (ex Savoy Hotel, 1919/27).

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First-class Family Hotel—Moderate Terms. English Proprietors.

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The Englishman's Paradise. On the Shores of Picardy.

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WESTMINSTER — In Pine Forest. 100 yards from Casino. 250 rooms. 250 baths.

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LE TOUQUET In Forest Near Casino. HOTEL REGINA

FIRST-CLASS EVERY RESPECT FREE MOTOR TO GOLF

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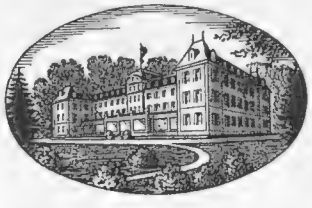

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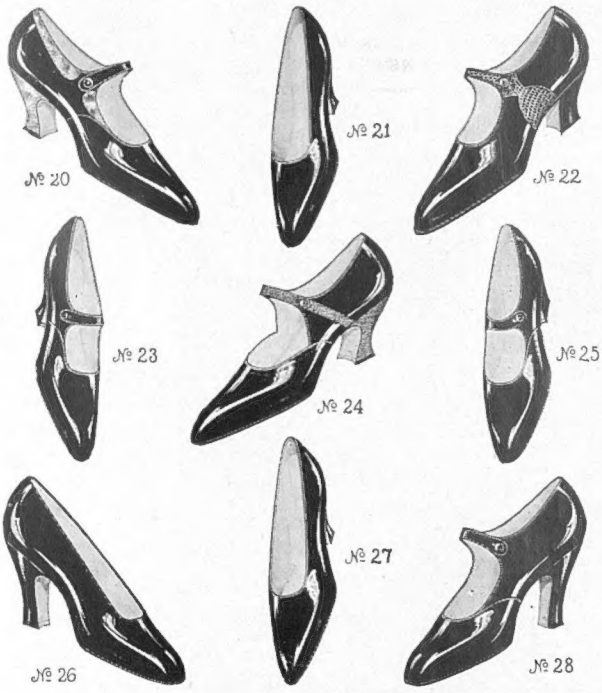

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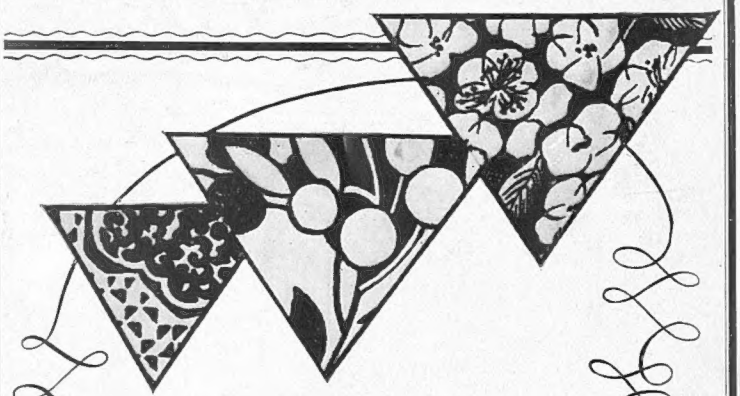

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Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.—July 4, 1928.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.